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Pro-Slavery.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE INSANE!

From The N. Y. Observer.

Dr. Cheever has got ahead of the public. For some time past it has been hinted in private circles that this eccentric preacher had lost the proper balance of his mind, and on the political aspects of the slavery question had become a monomaniac. This was a charitable explanation of the extravagant and inconsistent course which he has been pursuing, in spite of the earnest wishes of many of his best friends, who were, up to a very recent period, his warmest supporters. The violence of his denunciations of political opponents was so foreign from the spirit of that gospel which breathes peace, love and good will, that no one who believes him a Christian could also suppose that he would intelligently employ the pulpit and the Sabbath for "cursing" the Supreme Court of the United States, and stirring up the people with the language of sedition and rebellion.

But Dr. Cheever has not waited for any such explanation of his extravaganzas in his church on Union Square. He has forestalled public sentiment by solemnly declaring, over his own signature, in a public newspaper in this city, that the Chief Justice of the United States is morally insane, and that the decision of the Supreme Court is "as utterly null and void as if the judge who uttered it had been a maniac."

Will any one doubt for a moment that either the Doctor or the Judge is out of his mind? To enable the reader to form a more intelligent opinion as to which of the two, the jurist or the preacher, is morally insane, we copy a passage from Dr. Cheever's decision in the case of the Chief Justice's alleged insanity. It is rich reading, though very poor logic; indeed there is more wrath than reason in the opinions of this excited divine. He says:

"And this decision being a decision, some men gravely argue that it has all the force of law, and is not to be controverted, but obeyed. It has no more the force of law than if the judge, taking the words in half a dozen pages of the Constitution, and transposing and arranging them so as to read, 'No minister of the Gospel in the United States shall ever be permitted to utter an opinion against any doctrine of the Supreme Court, or ever to mention the subject of slavery, or ever to speak on any topic in any way connected with politics,' should thereupon aver that the Constitution contained *that law*, and should decide that it *is* law.

"But perhaps some will say that, there being no such word as slavery in the Constitution, the judge could not contrive such a law. But if there is no such *word*, there are plenty of *letters* to construct it; and constructive slavery is as easy as constructive treason; and the letters transposed by the judge would be just as good foundation for his reasoning, and would make it just as good an argument, and be in every way as good ground for his decision, as anything he has asserted and decided in regard to the African race, and would be just as good law, with just as good a claim to be obeyed *as* law. The decision has no more the force of law than if the Chief Justice, having become insane, had decided that by the Constitution none but Roman Catholics could be entitled to vote for the President of the United States. It is, in fact, the dictum of a moral insanity, and of a morally insane person, and is as utterly null and void as if the judge that has uttered it had been a maniac."

On this extract from the declaration of a religious teacher in the city of New York, we have to remark the indecency of such language applied to the courts of the country, especially the highest court. When the *Tribune* applies such terms of scandal to the magistrates of the land, the effect is comparatively harmless, because the source from which it proceeds cannot be expected to supply any other, and the readers of it have become so assimilated to their teachers that it is not likely to hurt them. But from the pulpit and the religious press, from the teachers of the peaceful gospel that inculcates courteousness and truthfulness, we expect language more in harmony with that of the meek and blessed Saviour, who, even when he was reviled, reviled not again.

But the indecency of this attack is not its chief objection.

Dr. Cheever asserts, as a positive fact, that the Chief Justice of the United States is a "morally insane person." Such a charge would be held libellous in any court; and the one bringing it could escape conviction only by pleading his own insanity as an excuse for the slander. Dr. Cheever's friends may, if they please, put in that plea for him, but we do not apprehend that he will offer it himself.

Then, on the presumption that Dr. Cheever knows what he is saying, we ask seriously, is there a man in New York who supposes that G. B. Cheever believes the Chief Justice of the United States to be morally insane? He asserts it deliberately and prints it, and with the full knowledge of the fact that seven eminent jurists out of nine concur in the said decision; and that in its most odious feature it is the same opinion pronounced by Daggett, Chief Justice of the State of Connecticut, many years ago! Now, let us resent that opinion as we may, and denounce it as unsound and unjust, and inexpedient, does it afford any good man, any honest man, any man of common veracity, proper ground for publicly charging a high judicial officer with insanity? Is it not a grave offence against the intelligence and the moral sense of this country to bring such an unprovoked and groundless accusation against the Supreme Court?

Again, let us look at the curious reasoning of this erratic Doctor of Divinity, by which he arrives at his verdict of insanity. He asserts that if the Court should pick out scattering letters from the words of the Constitution and arrange them into words and these words into a law, such a sentence would be just as good foundation for the decision as anything now written in that instrument. We must confess that such an assertion, deliberately made by a rational man, subjects his integrity to the suspicion of those who judge him only by his public exhibitions. That the assertion is obviously foolish and false we need not say. It lacks sense to raise it to the dignity of argument, and seems to be the emanation of a man seeking to make another appear ridiculous, and happily succeeding in performing that service only for himself. It amounts to nothing more than this, that the Supreme Court of the United States, seven men of eminent moral worth, talents and learning, under the solemnity of their oaths, with the eyes of the whole country and the world fixed upon them, and with the judgment of posterity and of God before them, believe they have found in the Constitution of the United States what George Barrel Cheever did not know was in it. That's all. On these premises the said Cheever pronounces the Court insane! Is it not barely possible that the accuser is the madman, and the judge is in a sound and better state of mind?

In this performance of what we consider a public duty, in rebuking indecorum, we repeat that if the decision of the Court had been just the reverse of what it is, and any clergyman had denounced that decision as Dr. Cheever has this, we would freely and explicitly protest against such ministerial impropriety. We are glad, indeed, that we live in a land where the law does not prevent men from the expression of their opinions, and even such licentiousness of the tongue as is exhibited in the "Church of the Puritans" is tolerated as a less evil than a censorship of the pulpit and the press. But where law does not restrain, it is right that the sober judgment of an intelligent and virtuous community should be pronounced in stern condemnation of such a public degradation of the ministerial character as is displayed by this indecent attack upon the Supreme Court of the country.

Another Wise Man in the East.—* * * *. We are pleased to see that the political preachers of Massachusetts have been officially rebuked and admonished by the Governor of the State. When ministers leave the gospel to preach politics, they must expect politicians to meet them on their own ground, and to deal with them as they deserve to be dealt with. The divorce of Church and State is to be regarded as one of the most important features of our institutions; and the caution suggested by the prudent Governor of Massachusetts is one that is greatly needed by those restless, ambitious, worldly preachers, who think more of politics than they ought. But we are the more gratified with the Governor's counsel as it indicates a return to a better state of public opinion, as to the rights and duties of the ministers of the Word. Perhaps the political clergy of this and other States will one day find grace and wisdom to say, when political partisans seek their aid, "I am doing a great work, the Lord's work, and I cannot come down."—*Ib.*

From The Churchman.

"The Powers that be are Ordained of God."—Does Dr. Cheever ever read his Bible? Can he be aware of the existence of such passages as this? It would seem not; for, when the Supreme Court, the highest legal authority in the United States, has spoken on any matter so as not exactly to be in accordance with his fanaticism, he has the audacity to preach, Sunday after Sunday, impugning their decision, defaming their judgment, and anathematizing their persons. What can be expected of respect from the profligate and the criminal if the (*so-disant*) ministers of religion, who are bound by their office (one would think) to preach peace, prostitute their office for political ends to insult the majesty of the law? Would that some course could be taken to check these pestilent disturbers of the peace, and to convince them that if they abuse their office, they must not expect it to act as a shield to them.

From The N. Y. Express.

The Irreligious Press.—*The Independent* thus heads a flaming column:

"THE DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT IS THE MORAL ASSASSINATION OF A RACE, AND CANNOT BE OBEYED."

We will see, if ever, in this city, you try disobedience. There is an army of 20,000 Irishmen and 15,000 Germans and French here (most of them having been conscripts), who stand ready to follow the new U. S. Marshal, Capt. Rynders; and there are 20,000 of us "Americans" who will look on and follow Judge Betts whenever Capt. Rynders is resisted in serving a U. S. process, or a process of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Selections.

THE EXCLUSION OF RELIGION AND EQUITY FROM THE SUPREME COURT.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

A divorce of our governmental policy and institutions from the law and authority of God, and a corruption of the public conscience for the support of such a divorce, is as fast as possible going on. Professedly religious editors and writers are not wanting to defend it, and to denounce as disturbers of the public peace those who cause the light of God's word to burn on such an iniquity. We commend to universal notice this significative fact, that in a court of justice, the highest and most solemn of all our tribunals, on a question involving the rights, most solemn and sacred, of millions of our fellow-men, not only the claims of justice and of love have never once been adverted to, but not even the authority of God, the light of his word, or the claims of religion. And we call upon men to note the dread process of degradation in public morals, and the perversion and distortion not only of the Constitution, but even of the parables and teachings of our blessed Lord, in support of slavery, and of the doctrine now proclaimed upon the bench of justice, that the African race have no claims upon us of charity or love, and no rights that white men are bound to recognise or respect. Take, for example, the denial in the governmental newspaper of Christ's law of love to our neighbour as ourselves, the denial of its having any application whatever to the slave, because he is not our neighbour, but only a down-trodden, miserable chattel, who can do us no good, and can make no neighbourly reciprocate for our charities. Who is my neighbour? once asked a certain lawyer, in the presence of our blessed Lord, and he answered him by the exquisitely beautiful parable of the Good Samaritan, blessing him who fell among the thieves, and who could not recompense him, nor reciprocate his kindness. Which now, of these three, thinkest thou, Priest, Levite or Samaritan, was neighbour to him? And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go thou and do likewise.

And now let us hear the answer and the comment of the governmental newspaper at Washington. "Who are those neighbours we are commanded to love as ourselves? Is it those who partake in our blood and lineage, in whose welfare and prosperity we are joint partners, who equally contribute their treasure to the support, and their blood to the defence, of the State, and who are in the daily exchange of benefits with us? Or is it the African slave, *who is not our neighbour in any one sense of the word, as applied to the great commandment?*"

So dreadfully perverting is the power of slavery and its teachings, so degrading to the moral sense, so stupifying to the conscience, so destructive of the power to appreciate even the commonest maxims of humanity! Thus only can we account for the astounding infamy of the decision in the Supreme Court.

The idea of rectitude, the claim of conscience, the possibility of any such thing as conscience, or a sense of right and wrong in the administration of justice, is not even hinted at. There is, on the contrary, a perfect ignoring of all considerations of justice and morality as made known in the word of God, and the exclusion of all the principles and claims of righteousness, as if righteousness and right, either natural or revealed, had no business, no place, no *status* in a court of justice, no more standing, or privilege, or recognition there than a slave or a wheelbarrow could have, as a witness, to testify against the owner. The turning of equity completely out of court, the grounding of righteousness only on custom and law, the barefaced defiance of any and all considerations of rectitude and of God, and the endeavour to justify sin by prejudice and darkness, mark this judgment with the brand of hell.

And it is this perversion of law, and this debauchery of courts and senates, in sanctioning and sustaining evil, that is doing more than all things else to debauch the common conscience, and destroy the foundations of public and private morality. What passes within our courts of justice and our halls of Congress accounts for the increase and freedom of crime outside of them. Where bad laws are passed, and just laws suppressed or perverted, for the purposes of injustice and oppression, of selfishness and cruelty, there will, at length, be no thought of guilt among the people in the violation of any of the laws, if it suits their interest or pleasure. The legislators and the laws themselves set the example and sanction the practice of iniquity in spite of law. If the statutes and courts of man violate the higher law, then the subjects of the human government, by strict sequence, by logical result, violate without care, without remorse, the whole lower law, if they can in any way secure themselves against the penalty. Thus corruption and death strike from high places downwards, and the country hastens to a state of disease that precedes disorganization. The gangrene works from the heart, from the fountain, outwards. Not the people against their teachers transgress the laws, but their teachers and their rulers lead the way. "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so; and what will you do in the end thereof?" Unrighteousness in law is the prolific and powerful spring of unrighteousness in life, in society. "Ye have turned judgment into gall and wormwood, and the fruit of righteousness into hemlock; thus judgment springeth up as hemlock in the furrows of the field." "Ye have trusted in *oppression*; therefore, *this iniquity* shall be your ruin."

We are to remember the exceeding and distinct solemnity with which the great God of truth and justice has appointed the judgment seat, and laid down his laws for the conduct of the judges. "I charged your judges, saying: Hear the causes between your brethren, and judge righteously between every man and his brother, and the stranger that is with him. Ye shall not respect persons in judgment; but ye shall hear the small as well as the great; ye shall not be afraid of the face of man, for the judgment is God's. Judges shalt thou make thee, and they shall judge the people with just judgment. Thou shalt not wrest judgment, nor respect persons. That which is altogether just shalt thou follow, that thou mayest live." Now there is not only no acknowledgment of the authority of God, no reference to it, nor any intimation of the binding force of equity, truth and justice, in the decision of the judges involving the rights, the fate, the character, the humanity, of millions of mankind, but God's law is contravened by it in every way, not in spirit merely, but in the violation of particular, well defined, unmistakable, and indisputable statutes. And if this decision is accepted as law, if it be not purged off, resisted, exploded, hissed off, by the moral sense of the community, by the fervid, glowing and sensitive conscience of the people, as liquid ratsbane would be hissed and sputtered off, if turned upon red-hot steel; if it be not denied, and trampled on, and cast out as a carcass to be buried, then there is an established, adopted, open controversy between us and God. But may God have mercy upon us, and make the conscience of the country like a range of ten thousand volcanoes against this wickedness!

For indeed there ought to be such an explosive power of outraged moral sense, such an irritated angry repugnancy and power of repulsion in the mind and heart of a free community, against such treason, that when these usurpers attempt to turn the elements of their cruelty and tyranny into the moulds, as they imagine, prepared for them, it shall be as when by careless founders the cataract of molten iron or brass, poured from the furnace into the sluice, falls upon an unknown drop of water, and instantly the whole burning liquid mass is scattered with terrific explosion in a thousand jets of fire. It is dangerous work, this turning of your concocted lava of wickedness upon the enlightened public conscience of your country. We tell you, one drop of God's truth and God's grace, in one single conscience, may yet blow you and your depravities, torn limb from limb, into the sky; one drop may do it, and you thought, perhaps, because you had no such drop in your own cauldron, there was none such in the public heart; you thought, perhaps, that conservative and time-serving, and slavery-apologizing, and slaveholding ministers and churches, and Young Men's Christian Associations, and pro-slavery newspapers, had done your insurance work for you; had prepared your moulds, had so ossified the heart, and so thoroughly dried and petrified the public veins, that your work was perfectly insured against disaster. But we tell you, "Cursed be he that perverteth the judgment of the stranger!" God himself has kindled a fire in the very wall of your iniquity, that shall devour palaces with a shouting in the day of battle, with a tempest in the day of the whirlwind. Ye who turn judgment into wormwood, and leave off righteousness in the earth, God will pour the shadow of death into your mourning, and make your day dark with night. The denunciations of God against this iniquity are as fresh as they were three thousand years ago. "And it shall be as if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into the house, and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him. The very songs of the temple shall be howlings in that day. Though they dig into hell, there shall my hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down. Wherefore, hear the word of the Lord, ye scornful men that rule this people. Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death and with hell we are at agreement, when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us; for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves. Therefore, thus saith the Lord, judgment will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, and your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it, and it shall be a vexation only to understand the report."

The decision of the Supreme Court against God's word and the Constitution of our country has no more authority upon any of us, or in any department, than the command of Satan to the Lord Jesus to fall down and worship him, on the pretence that all the kingdoms of the world were his. These cruel and wicked laws are no more laws to be accepted or obeyed than were those of Omri, Ahab and Manasseh, with which they compelled Israel to sin. The perversion of the Constitution is not the law of the land, though commanded by a thousand judges; but the Constitution itself still continues the law of the land. The Supreme Court was not appointed *over* the Constitution, but *under* it; not to define it, or prescribe its interpretation, but to carry into effect all laws in accordance with it. The Supreme Court has no power to make laws, or to force new constructions of law against equity. The Supreme Court has no power to restrict the liberties of any class of citizens, but only to confirm and secure them in the broadest manner the Constitution will allow; not to create caste, but to prevent it; not to disfranchise, but to enfranchise; not for purposes of oppression, but to increase and maintain liberty; not to make as few citizens as possible, but as many; not to exclude men from the privileges of the Constitution, but to admit them. And in all cases of doubt, the presumption, under a free Constitution, is in favour of the person whose freedom is endangered, not certainly against him, because the Constitution is for liberty and equity, and not for tyranny, slavery and injustice. Even in the case of criminals, the doubt must go on behalf of the accused, and not of the government. If it were doubtful whether the Constitution would admit punishment by death for a particular offence, the doubt is fatal to the power, even though the offence were clearly proved, for the punishment must be clearly within the law, and not grow out of a forced construction of it for the purpose. The Constitution is not a thing to be put into a hot-house of tyranny, and, by the application of principles as dry, hot and burning as guano or sulphuric acid, to be made precociously to sprout with buds and blossoms of slavery. Neither is it a plant on which can be grafted, and by its original vigour made to grow, the poisonous, deadly fruits of despotism. But the Supreme Court are just perverting it into a stock on which to graft the worst and intensest doctrines of slavery, making it a vast overshadowing Upas, instead of a tree of life. And it is just the most abandoned corruption and putridity of national selfishness and avarice, the very *fæces* of moral depravity on the dunghill of the world, which the Chief Justice applies in his reasoning, for the quickening into life of his immoral principles.—*Independent.*

POLITICAL PREACHING IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

From The Boston Telegraph.

For the special benefit of "Fogies" I send you the following items of history. Let the reader compare them with Governor Gardner's proclamation.

In Jefferson's Writings, vol. 1, page 6, we learn that when the General Assembly of Virginia had their attention called to the position of Massachusetts, and Boston in particular, in relation to the Port Bill, the members decided upon a Day of Fasting and Prayer, and made an appeal to the clergy; and Mr. Jefferson says: "We returned home, and in our several Counties *invited the clergy* to meet assemblies of the people on the first of June, to perform the ceremonies of the day and *to address to them discourses suited to the occasion.* The people met generally, with anxiety and alarm in their countenances, and the effect of the day through the whole Colony was like a shock of electricity, arousing every man, and placing him erect and solidly on his centre."

When the Provincial Congress met at Cambridge in Oct. 1774, they addressed the following circular to the clergy:

"Rev. Sir: We cannot but acknowledge the goodness of Heaven in constantly supplying us with preachers of the gospel, whose concern has been the *temporal* and spiritual happiness of this people. In a day like this, when all the friends of civil and religious liberty are exerting themselves to deliver this country from its present calamities, we cannot but place great hope in an order of men, who have ever distinguished themselves in their country's cause, and do, therefore, recommend to the Ministers of the Gospel, in the several towns and other places in this Colony, that they assist us in averting that dreadful slavery with which we are now threatened." [Holmes's Am. Annals, vol. 2, pp. 315, 316.

In June, 1775, John Adams wrote as follows to his wife: "My Dear—I have been this morning to hear Mr. Duffield, a preacher in this city. His discourse was a kind of exposition upon the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. He applied *the whole prophecy to this country*, and gave us as inviting an entertainment as ever I heard. He filled and swelled the bosom of every hearer. I hope you have received a letter in which I enclosed you a pastoral *letter from the Synod of New York* and Philadelphia; by this you will see that *the clergy this way are but now beginning to engage in politics, and they engage with a fervour that will produce wonderful effects.*"

It was John Adams, who exclaimed in the days of the Revolution, "*Let the pulpits thunder against oppression.*" And they did thunder, and hailed stones of truth, too, upon their enemies, and they did about as much execution as leaden bullets. Even that conservative divine, Dr. Spring of New York, said, in a work published about ten years since: "That great event in the history of the world, the American Revolution, *never would have been achieved without the influence of the pulpit.*" It was because they thundered. Why should they not thunder against oppression in the nineteenth century, especially when it is perpetrated by a professedly Christian people? It is more outrageous in this day of light, and in this highly favoured land. Shame on the inconsistency of crying aloud against the oppression of England, and holding the tongue about the more cruel wrongs of our own country!

It was in those days that General Lincoln wrote as follows to General Washington: "It is fortunate for us that the clergy are pretty generally with us. They have in this State a very great influence over the people, and they will contribute much to the general peace and happiness."

It is well known that in the war of 1812, the clergy, as well as others, were divided in respect to its moral character, and they preached upon the subject, in allusion to which Daniel Webster said, on one occasion, "*there were pulpits on both sides.*"

In December, 1820, Webster delivered his stunning speech against the Slave Trade on the Rock of Plymouth, in which he used this language: "I invoke the *ministers of religion*, that they proclaim its denunciation of those crimes, and add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. *If the pulpit be silent, whenever and wherever there may be a sinner, bloody with this guilt, within the hearing of its voice, the pulpit is false to its 'trust.'*"

We might bring much more evidence of this kind to show that public men have always appealed to the clergy, until of late, to "thunder against oppression." But we forbear.

Lest, however, some reader should appeal to those old divines, who are supposed to have been more Puritanic than ministers now-a-days, we will give one or two illustrations. There were Drs. Stiles and Hopkins, well known for their substantial qualities and views, who led off in a terrible onslaught upon slavery. Dr. Hopkins was the pastor of a slaveholding church in Newport, R. I., which was then a great slave mart of the country. In the face of slaveholders in his church, he attacked the wicked system in the pulpit, on the Sabbath. The first sermon fell upon the ears of his hearers like a clap of thunder. It almost stunned them. Another followed, and then another, and still another, more and more destructive to the system. Nor did he spare until the last vestige of slavery was swept from that church. His biographer says of that period, "Good people rejoiced, and wicked people trembled, at seeing him enter the desk." In his Diary is found the record of his preaching upon victories, battles, government and oppression, foreign and domestic—subjects now considered political. In a published document upon slavery, he says that *ministers preached so much about the sin of holding slaves that many of the negroes became uneasy.*

The standard works of the old divines contain the very best evidence of their fidelity to God in denouncing not only slavery, but all political knavery. If ministers now embraced every opportunity to rebuke the sins of politicians as did our clerical fathers, so much political wickedness prevails that they could find time to preach little else.

Of the six volumes of Dr. Emmons's works, one entire volume contains sermons on "Social and Civil Duties." Such sermons are now called "fanatical," "political," &c. We recommend Governor Gardner to read Dr. Emmons's sermon on Jeroboam, when his Fast Day comes. It was preached just fifty-six years ago. This distinguished divine speaks thus in one sermon: "If ministers inculcate the mutual duties of rulers and subjects, they accuse them of preaching sedition. And if ministers only teach the common sentiment of mankind in all ages, they accuse them of going out of their province, and *preaching politics.* They will not allow them to teach their hearers that religious instruction is necessary and useful in civil society. * * * Now what is the duty of ministers of the gospel in this alarming situation of the country? Is it their duty to obey man rather than God? * * * * They never had a louder call, a fairer opportunity to stand in their lot, to set their faces as flint, and to oppose, by all the force and authority of religious instruction, atheism, deism, infidelity, and all the land-defiling iniquities. If they plainly preach the great doctrines and duties of Christianity, and inculcate upon rulers [not excepting even Governor Gardner], and their subjects, their mutual duties and obligations, they may be instruments in the Divine hand of restraining the nation from their errors in principle and practice which threaten its ruin."

We will just add that we have examples of preachers in the Scriptures—and more Puritanic than even the Puritans themselves—exactly to the point. There was that calm, devoted, faithful minister of God, Elijah—his very name is suggestive of goodness. King Ahab charged him, as some modern politicians do the clergy, with troubling the land. "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" Like some modern rulers, this Ahab desired the acquisition of new territory. Naboth's vineyard joined his palace ground, and he wanted it. But he could not purchase it, and so he killed the owner, and took possession of it by brute force. It would seem, from matters in Kansas, that Frank Pierce & Co. learned their political economy of Ahab. Elijah could withstand it no longer, and he rebuked the king to his face. "In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall the dogs lick thy blood, even thine." "I have found thee because thou hast *sold thyself* [he is not the only ruler who has sold himself] to work evil in the sight of the Lord." This was a pretty thorough application of the text. There is more opportunity than ever to apply it thus effectually now. We think there will be many such applications on the coming day of Fasting and Prayer. We hope that some of our extremely pious rulers, whose religion is so very intense that they cannot bear anything but the most spiritual sermons, even on Fast Day, will find comfort somewhere. Their piety is so much in advance of Elijah's that we almost wonder that they did not go up long ago in a chariot of fire.

Phocion.

SKETCHING AT A SLAVE AUCTION.

At the time when Uncle Tom had roused all Europe as well as America to an unusual pitch of excitement on the subject of slavery, I for the first time visited Richmond, the capital of Virginia. I lounged after breakfast into the parlour of the American Hotel, a print of whose splendid outside appearance sticks to this day with wonderful pertinacity to our travelling-trunk. Its effigy, labelled to the side of the portmanteau as an advertisement, revives its faded image, and I behold once more its verandah below, and its square battlement on top, from which flaunts the Star and Stripes flag. I am further reminded by the same document that M. J. Mildeburger Smith is the proprietor, a worthy and communicative host. Having ascertained from the local papers, of which the *Richmond Enquirer* is the best known in England, that certain slave sales were to take place that morning at eleven, I inquired the nearest way of the man at the bar. It was only two streets off, he answered. He seemed startled at my inquiry, and endeavoured to prepare me for the worst, as if half-ashamed that a European should look in at the dread arcana of the Slave Trade without due preparation.

I afterwards ascertained that Europeans are generally accompanied by gentlemen known in Richmond, who act as guarantees of the good behaviour of the dealers, and who, I suppose, by their presence, warn the dealers to mitigate those more revolting details, which long habit has rendered harmless in the sight of those indulging in this unwholesome traffic. For two reasons I did not avail myself of the habitual Cicerones. First, because, for the purposes of observation, one has a better chance than two, from not having his attention diverted; and, secondly, because I wished to witness the scene as it happened every day, before what may be called its legitimate witnesses, and not rehearsed in a special manner to suit the occasion.

Arming myself with a pencil and a slip or two of paper, and putting these carefully into my pocket, I sallied forth into the High Street, and walked some hundreds of yards down its steep declivity. The only object I noticed was one of those contrivances on two wheels, around the axle of which the water-pipes of the fire engines are generally coiled. Two youngsters were running rapidly backwards and forwards with this rolling hose by way of frolic; or, perhaps, practising for early promotion to the much-sought-after ranks of the fire-brigade. I turned up one of the narrowest alleys of the many abutting upon the High Street. Eleven o'clock had struck, and, strange to say, the bustle consequent on sales of stock was not noticeable, the streets being seemingly deserted.

But, I soon discovered the cause. The sales take place here within doors, on the ground-floor of the houses, four in number, allotted to the traffic. The sale commences in the first auction-room, and, when the stock is disposed of, the company adjourns to the next, till the whole are exhausted. Little red flags, to which were pinned small slips of paper pencilled with the number of likely hands to be sold, were hung out on poles from the threshold. I happened to be a few minutes late, and the preliminary process of examination of the negroes seemed partially over; one old negro was once more donning his coat, had only put one of his brogues on, and had altogether a quaint appearance of shocked propriety. Never shall I forget the sensation occasioned by my first entry into that den! To say that my eyes swam, that I felt a more rapid pulsation, and that my olfactory nerves were assailed by a mephitic atmosphere, is to a certain extent true; but, it hardly gives a fair notion of very complex yet instantaneous feelings. The room might be said to be occupied by three distinct groups. Conspicuously raised above the rest, upon a rude platform flanked on both sides by two steps, stood the dealer with his uplifted right hand, taking the bids, whilst with the left he pointed to a young negress, of some fifteen or sixteen years of age, standing at his side. Holding her petticoat on the ground, immediately beneath, stood a black help, or assistant, who looked round at the bidders, as the sum kept swelling from six, seven, to eight, hundred dollars. Next came, in frowsy array, the purchasers decked in hats in every state of decomposition: some in swallow-tail coats, and rusty, unlackered boots, grimy with dirt, and holding either clubs or wicked-looking whips in their hands. The girl was knocked down to one of these. The third party, and forming a fitting back-ground to the scene, were the negroes huddled together on rude benches, awaiting their fate. The first to be selected from them was a gaunt and sinewy hand. A sort of line was formed by the dealers, and this lot was made to pace up and down the room at a quick trot. This ambling done, it was suggested that one of his eyes was affected; so they gathered round the negro. One gentleman rivetted, with the precision of long practice, his thumb into the socket of the eye, which was supposed to be the sane one, whilst he held up to the other a hair! I saw the poor fellow, who was writhing with pain, vainly rolling the one eye at liberty, to discover, and, if possible, split the hair with his visual organ, but to no purpose; his eyesight was evidently blunted, and he fell in the estimation of his customers, as was soon testified, when he stepped upon the platform to be sold.

I saw, one after the other, the inmates of this first auction-room purchased at various prices, and then the whole company adjourned to the next human warehouse. As I left the room, I noticed the auctioneer locking the door after him, and rudely pushing the young negress, while telling her to be off to other quarters—I suppose those of her purchaser—and she flitted out of sight down the street. This was the first example I had noticed in the United States of ill-treatment to that sex, for which a chivalrous deference is everywhere exacted.

In the room into which we were now ushered, an opportunity was afforded of witnessing the transaction in its entire process. The first thing done is to huddle the wretched gang, pro formâ, behind a screen, and to strip them: though why hide in a corner what every one is compelled to look on, is more than even Old World prudery could guess at. It is here that the swarthy labourer is seen in all his brawny prowess, when the gazer is at a little distance. A closer inspection reveals a world of scars and stripes, distributed with not so much regularity as in the flag of the Union. It is satisfactory to note that the value of the negro is reduced according to the greater or smaller quantity of these lash-marks, which are taken as signs, not of the cruelty of the former master, but of restiveness and laziness in the slave.

A very few have what are termed clean backs.

It was striking to watch the same process of sale and purchase going on, with the scenery, as it were, shifted, to prevent the eyes becoming jaded, as the ears were by the incessant changes rung on dollars; the bids swelling by nothing less than hundreds—five, six, seven, eight hundred dollars—according as the being put up was a lad or an adult. I had noticed a singular specimen of pictorial humour in the first depôt, as these rooms are called, in the shape of an old, ill-framed, and cobwebby lithograph. It represented a mounted gentleman astride a sorry horse, which he was pummeling unmercifully. Strangely appropriate did this Yankee dealer of thwacks appear in this receptacle of dismal cudgelling. The sight of the poor fellow's striped back brought the image vividly before me, as well as the received fiction in the Southern States, that the negro is little better than a brute; a notion which seemed to have been unconsciously illustrated by the artist. No decoration of the kind, however, was noticeable in the second auction-room. In the back-ground was a gentleman reclining against his wooden arm-chair, absorbed in the perusal of a newspaper, apparently as unconscious of what was going on around him as if he himself had been framed and glazed. I was glad to turn away from the scene, if it were but for a few minutes.

As I emerged from the place and crossed over the way, I came unexpectedly upon what evidently was to be the third scene of operations. The house was a corner one, and open at its two sides on the ground-floor. I do not hesitate to pronounce the spectacle which here presented itself to be one of the most touching which could well be revealed to the sight. On a bench sat, in expectancy of coming fate, a buxom negress, clasping an infant in her arms; its little profile lost in the folds of her ample neck-handkerchief, its little black and shoeless feet dangling from her lap. Other children, a trifle older, lounged on each side of her. On the right, with fingers to his lips, and the one hand clinging to his mother's apron, sat a little fellow, quaintly, yet neatly, attired in a jacket; on his head an oil-skin cap, which would have been pronounced large by a full-blown English engineer, who is also given to this species of head-gear. Nestling at the left was a little girl, who looked wistfully in the direction of the coming company, as if conscious of some strange foreshadowed event. The diminutive striped cap and the cinnabar-coloured shoes attested the mother's care of her. This group occupied the centre of the bench, and so engrossed one's interest, that the four other women who made up the complement of weight which the seat was made to hold seemed quite secondary personages. Each of the two who occupied the extreme left wore a round fillet round her woolly hair, which seems to be adopted by the younger negresses as more becoming than the turban of the dowager ladies, who in this respect ape their more fortunate superiors. A stolid-looking negro sat apart from these, and seemed almost to belong to an inferior caste of blacks from the excessive protrusion of his thick under-lip: a feature which seems to vary, according to the known law of labial deformity. I have been thus circumstantial because the group is rivetted in my memory as strongly as if I saw it but yesterday. I found in it a perfect composition, in which the picturesque element was blended with singular pathos. In a hardly justifiable fit of enthusiasm, when time and place are considered, I took out pencil and paper to try and trace a few of those inimitable lines which we only find recurring in nature. I had not proceeded far with my sketch, when the hum of voices, and then a general muster round the seat I had selected to draw from, showed that I was transgressing some rule of the place; nothing daunted, I went on sketching, when one of the girls was called off from her seat by the dealer, and both mounted on the auctioneer's table. The fellow had bared the woman's arm, and was descanting on the merits of her feminine proportions, begging for a bid. No one nodded. There seemed to be no purchaser, although all were looking on. Vaguely connecting my presence with this unusual want of alacrity on the part of his customers, the dealer jumped down from his perch on the settee, and asked me what I was doing? I answered:

"I don't feel bound to answer your question."

Hardly satisfied at this reply, he left me abruptly, resumed his post, and once more endeavoured to rouse his clients to a proper sense of the value of the woman now offered for sale. This effect was equally fruitless. With ill-disguised rage the dealer was once more before me, for I still kept on sketching, wondering what would be the final issue of the adventure.

"I must know what you are about," said he, in a tremulous voice, his face livid with smothered passion.

"You can look for yourself," I said, as composedly as I could, though evidently matters were getting serious. Fancy being surrounded by infuriated Legrees! However, coolness had its effect. For the third time the auctioneer tripped to the right of the negress, who was all this time standing in a purgatorial state, being neither owned, bought, nor sold. The dealers were utterly motionless, and did not heed the offered bait. They kept looking askance at me; and my occupation quite engrossed their curiosity. This was more than flesh and blood (at least, the little that could be discovered of either on the attenuated person of this dealer) could bear. The third and last appeal came to me worded thus:

"If a party came to your store, and interrupted your business, how would you like that?"

This logical innuendo had in it something at once so unanswerable, that I started up from my seat and said:

"O! if I interrupt your business, I shall go."

I walked to the place of egress—it was larger than a doorway—when I heard a hum ominous of mischief: yet, not wishing to look as if I was flying, I turned into the second auction-room, I had already visited. It was tenanted by a solitary negro boy, whom I had not noticed when I was there previously. I had time rapidly to sketch his features, as he sat quietly by himself, when one of the band hurried into the place in suppressed agitation, and said, "You had better leave."

I thought I might as well act on the hint, and as I got out of the door I noticed the whole set issuing in a band, headed by the dealer, coming after me. I turned my back, and walked leisurely away into the High Street, where I breathed as if I had escaped no slight danger. When I recounted the adventure to one of the many hospitable families which abound in Richmond, the wonder was that I had not been lynched. A few days after, a New York paper reached me, containing a narrative from an eye-witness of the scene (the writer utterly unknown to me); I learnt from it what their scheme of revenge was, upon one they rightly took for an Abolitionist. They were each to lend a foot to expel me.—*Household Words.*

TOPICS OF AGITATION IN THE CHURCH.

From The West Chester (Pa.) Herald and American.

A few days ago we took up a leading religious newspaper published in Philadelphia, and the first article our eye fell upon was one in relation to the agitation of slavery by religious bodies. We read the article through, and although we found no words of strong and earnest condemnation of the system of American slavery, we did find slavery agitation deprecated and condemned. We were left in blissful unconsciousness as to whether the editor of that journal regarded slavery itself as wrong, but not so in regard to its *agitation*; that was bad enough—it took up valuable time—hindered more profitable business—was not productive of the Christian graces and made bad feeling all around.

Such was the substance of the article. We finished reading it—thought of our Saviour's declaration, that he came not to send peace on the earth, but a sword—of the injunction to remember those in bonds as bound with them, and passed on to see what we should find next. The very next article was upon the subject of *Infant Baptism.* This subject was "agitated" with a good deal of freedom and ability—the importance of the duty was magnified and its neglect strongly reprobated. We had here very little difficulty in apprehending what the editor thought was right, and what he thought was wrong. We finished this article with the clear conviction that the editor believed the neglect of sprinkling the babes of pious parents to be very decidedly wrong. We had finished the previous article in painful doubt as to whether the editor believed the *selling* of babies either of pious or impious parents to be wrong. But then we reflected that the *selling* of babies, with or without the mothers, is of far less importance than the *sprinkling* of babies; and, of course, a religious editor must attend to the more important matters first. Besides, to "agitate" the business of selling babies might create unpleasant feelings, especially on the part of those pious church members engaged in it—while the subject of sprinkling babies may be agitated most thoroughly, and a healthful growth be the blessed result!

Well, we continued our explorations, but this time we turned back and paused at the article

ried the election in this city for James Buchanan. President Buchanan was aware of these faithful services, and this appointment is the simplest act of gratitude. It shows that the cares and dignities of state have not smothered in the breast of Mr. Buchanan his sense of obligation to his most particular and most serviceable friends. He knows perfectly *who* Mr. Rynders is, and *what* Mr. Rynders has done and can do for him.

This appointment serves to accredit to the public the representative head of the present Democratic party in New York. Many voted with that party last Fall, under a vague idea that the conservation of the Union and the peace and prosperity of commerce were to be secured by its triumph, but without any definite knowledge of the party and its leaders. Indeed, the party in New York was divided into factions with opposing views. But we venture to say, that in all New York there could not be found a man so worthy as Captain Rynders to represent the Buchanan Democracy, and it is well on many accounts that his position should be recognised and accredited before the world. Hereafter, venerable Christian merchants, when called upon by the *Journal of Commerce* to join the rank and file of Union-saving Democracy, will know who is their Captain.

This appointment also proclaims the policy and intentions of the new Administration; its domestic policy, the sacrifice of State independence to the negro-driving interests of the South; its foreign policy, fillibustering expeditions against Cuba, Mexico, and Central America, for the same interests. The paramount duties of a United States Marshal in this district are these two: the prompt arrest of supposed fugitives from service, and the sham arrest of fillibusters, so as to favour their designs by quieting the apprehensions of merchants and other good citizens.

The zeal with which Mr. Rynders, a few years since, attempted to restrain Mr. Frederick Douglass and Mr. Samuel Ward from dissolving the Union, by speaking in the Tabernacle against slavery, augurs well for his efficiency in the first department of his duties. If his zeal for the Union led him to such extraordinary efforts to put down negroes, in his capacity as a private citizen, what may not be expected of him in his official character? The activity of Captain Rynders in procuring recruits and supplies for Walker's expedition in Nicaragua shows that he will not be wanting in the second department of his office. Indeed, we can now understand why he did not go in person to the relief of Walker. Mr. Buchanan needs him in New York to help to carry out the principles of the Ostend Manifesto against Cuba.

To allay any apprehension in the public mind, we would add that the very discreet regard which Captain Rynders showed for the Chief of Police, at the Tabercle discussion, assures us that in the event of a conflict of jurisdiction between the United States Marshal and the New York police, there will be little danger of civil war; the Captain has his valour tempered with discretion.—*Independent.*

PUBLIC MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA.

A LARGE meeting of coloured people was held last evening in Israel Church, the object being as announced in the call, "To consider the atrocious decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, and other outrages to which the coloured people are subjected under the Constitution of the United States." The meeting was organized by the appointment of James M. Bustel as Chairman, and William Still as Secretary. After some remarks made by Benjamin S. Jones, of Ohio, Robert Purvis took the floor and offered the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas the Supreme Court of the United States has decided, in the case of Dred Scott, that *people of African descent are not and cannot be citizens of the United States, and cannot sue in any of the United States Courts*, and whereas the Court, in rendering its decision, has declared that "this unfortunate class have, with the civilized and enlightened portion of the world, for more than a century, been regarded as being of an inferior order, and unfit associates for the white race, either socially or politically, having no rights which white men are bound to respect," and whereas this Supreme Court is the constitutionally approved tribunal to determine all such questions, therefore,

Resolved, That this atrocious decision furnishes final confirmation of the already well-known fact that, under the Constitution and Government of the United States, the coloured people are nothing, and can be nothing, but an alien, disfranchised and degraded class.

Resolved, That to attempt, as some do, to prove that there is no support given to slavery in the Constitution and essential structure of the American Government is to argue against reason and common sense, to ignore history and shut our eyes against palpable facts; and that while it may suit white men, who do not feel the iron heel, to please themselves with such theories, it ill becomes the man of colour, whose daily experience refutes the absurdity, to indulge in any such idle phantasies.

Resolved, That to persist in supporting a Government which holds and exercises the power, as distinctly set forth by a tribunal from which there is no appeal, to trample a class under foot as an inferior and degraded race, is on the part of the coloured man at once the height of folly and the depth of pusillanimity.

Resolved, That no allegiance is due from any man or any class of men to a Government founded and administered in iniquity, and that the only duty the coloured man owes to a Constitution under which he is declared to be an inferior and degraded being, having no rights which white men are bound to respect, is to denounce and repudiate it, and to do what he can, by all proper means, to bring it into contempt.

Mr. Purvis's speech in support of these resolutions was brief and earnest. He scouted the idea of coloured people taking comfort from the pretence that this decision of the Supreme Court was unconstitutional. The Supreme Court, he said, was the appointed tribunal, and what it said was constitutional, was constitutional to all *practical* intents and purposes. There was nothing new in this decision; it was in perfect keeping with the treatment of the coloured people by the American Government, from the beginning to this day. Mr. Purvis was asked by one of the audience if he had not been acknowledged and treated as an American citizen. He said he had been, and that by the Cabinet of General Jackson. He stated that, intending to embark on a voyage to Europe, he applied to the Secretary of State for a passport, and an informal ticket of leave sort of paper was sent to him in return.

He showed this to Mr. Robert Vaux, father of the present Mayor, who was so indignant that he wrote to Washington on the subject, and, as the result, a formal passport, giving him the protection of the Government as a citizen of the United States, was sent to him. But, said Mr. Purvis, I was indebted for this not to the American Constitution or to the spirit of the American Government, but to the generous impulses of General Andrew Jackson, who had on more occasions than one in the then late war publicly tendered his gratitude to coloured "citizens" for their brave assistance in the defence of the country.

Mr. Purvis was followed by C. L. Remond, of Salem, Mass., who, in reply to the same interrogator, stated that his father, being an emigrant from the West Indies, was formally naturalized as a citizen of the United States, but, like Mr. Purvis, he considered this no proof that the Supreme Court were not vested with power to declare that people of African descent could not be citizens of the United States. Mr. Remond then offered the following resolutions, with a view, as he said, of making the expression contained in those of Mr. Purvis more complete:

Resolved, That though many of our fathers and some of us have, in times past, exercised the right of American citizenship, this was when a better spirit pervaded the land, and when the patriotic services of coloured men in the defence of the country were fresh in the minds of the people; but that the power to oppress us lurked all the time in the Constitution, only waiting to be developed; and that now, when it suits the slave oligarchy to assert that power, we are made to feel its grinding weight.

Resolved, That what little remains to us, of political rights in individual States, we hold, as we conceive, only by sufferance; and that when it suits the purposes of the Slave Power to do so, they will command their obedient doughface allies at the North to take these rights away from us, and leave us no more place under the State Government than we have under the Federal.

Resolved, That we rejoice that slaveholding despotism lays its ruthless hand not only on the humble black man, but on the proud northern white man, and our hope is, that when our white fellow-slaves in these so-called free States see that they are alike subjects with us to the slave oligarchy, the difference in our servitude being only in degree, they will make common cause with us, and that, throwing off the yoke and striking for impartial liberty, they will join with us in our efforts to recover the long lost boon of Freedom.

Mr. Remond spoke at length and with much fervour. He considered that for coloured people, after this, to persist in claiming citizenship under the United States Constitution would be mean-spirited and craven. We owe no allegiance, he said, to a country which grinds us under its iron hoof and treats us like dogs. The time has gone by for coloured people to talk of patriotism. He used to be proud that the first blood shed in the American Revolution (that of Attucks, who fell in Boston) was that of a coloured man. He used to be proud that his grandfather, on his mother's side, fought for liberty in the Revolutionary war. But this time had passed by. The liberty purchased by the Revolutionary men was used to enslave and degrade the coloured man, and, as a coloured man, he loathed and abhorred the government that could perpetrate such outrages. He repudiated, he denounced the American Union in strong terms. People might talk to him of "patience." He had no patience to submit quietly to chains and oppression. Let others bare their backs to the lash and meekly and submissively wear their chains. That was not his idea of duty, or of manhood, or of self-respect.

Mr. Remond made many remarks on other subjects, as did also Mr. Purvis, who again took the floor. When the resolutions came to be put, some opposition was made and a rambling and somewhat personal debate ensued; the end of which was that the question was taken on the resolutions as a whole, and the chair pronounced them carried. The minority vote, if not large, was very loud.

A SIGN FOR ALL LOCALITIES.—The voting for Lieut.-Governor in Rhode Island last week showed the significant fact, that within the last year the Know-Nothing strength in that State had diminished forty-two per cent., while the Republican had increased three hundred and seven per cent!

THE BEGINNING.—The *Missouri Democrat* of the 3d of April contains a call for a mass meeting of the Democracy of St. Louis and all others there "who are in favour of encouraging white labour in Missouri and in that city."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1857.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF JUDICIAL CONSTRUCTION.

THE late opinion of Chief Justice Taney and the majority of the United States Supreme Court must certainly be considered a very free rendering of some of our more important State Papers. That hardy and enterprising logic, which can find in the language, "all men are created equal," a proposition precisely the reverse of what it seems to be, and in the words, "Congress shall have power to make all needful rules and regulations for the territory," the sense, Congress shall have *no* power to make needful rules and regulations for the territory, must have feats of confusion and destruction to perform among the established knowledge of mankind perfectly frightful to contemplate. For our poor selves, we are forced to the conclusion that both the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution are *cabalistic*, and that the letter in which they are written, so far from being a guide to their interpretation, is a perfect blind and veil of their true meaning. In fact, the opinion has prevailed, since the adoption of the Compromise of 1850, that the Constitution was an inspired revelation. Gen. Cass thus emphatically confessed this faith, in a debate in the Senate, in 1852, upon the demise of Henry Clay: "*When we lay our hands upon His (God's) holy word, and invoke His holy name, promising to be faithful to the Constitution which He gave us, in His mercy, and will withhold only in the hour of our blindness and His own wrath,*" &c. Heretofore, we know, the political scribes have not been disposed to receive the Declaration of Independence as entitled to a place in the *canon* of political inspiration, because there were many things in it hard to be understood, which the unwise and unstable were disposed to wrest to their own destruction. It has been looked upon as a sort of *old* and *repealed* dispensation, the *Andrews Norton* theory prevailing with reference to its authority. Even such otherwise devout persons as George McDuffie, Mr. Benton's Dirty Dog Pettit, and Mr. Cicero Choate, could undermine the public reverence by such declarations as these: "*A rhetorical flourish*"—"*A self-evident lie*"—"*Sounding and glittering generalities.*" Superfluous skepticism! It was left for the Supreme Court, in a single judgment, a final and authoritative Council of Trent, to establish the inspiration of the Declaration as well as of the Constitution, and to indicate the true mode of interpreting both.

We cannot now for a moment consider Dred Scott and his children, or their becomings. What's Hecuba to us, or we to Hecuba? Perish whole families, whole races, whole *aeons* of men, we say, when a profound principle of legal hermeneutics is involved, when constitutional mysteries, hidden since the government began, are dropping in silvern speech from the tripod of the Supreme Court! Dred Scott and his children may esteem themselves happy in being martyrs to a new system of judicial construction. Of old, men went singing to the stake for their rhetoric, to maintain that the words, "*This is my body*," were a metaphor. What an improvement in martyrology, when we can send to slavery *persons "having no rights that white man are bound to respect,"* to maintain that the phrase "*all men are created equal*" is a metaphor, and thus do our martyrdom by *proxy!*

It seems, then, there is no contradiction between the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and both are sacred and inspired. But here as elsewhere the letter killeth and the spirit giveth life. Each of these political scriptures have a *hidden sense*, which alone is of any value. The letter not only *kills* dead, but wholly misleads and bewilders. The new political heavens and earth have been created, and the first messages of the new interpretation have been pronounced. This legal *Swedenborgianism*, dealing with the mysteries of the Declaration and the Constitution, goes considerably further than do our *New Church* friends in their department; for when we are told by them that a *horse* signifies *truth* and a *whale* signifies *good*, we know of no reason why they should n't, and with a person well posted to tell us the definitions according to the *Arcana* we can get along with tolerable edification. The Judicial *Cabala*, though bolder, is really plainer; and when once you learn the key to the cipher, *voila! The Constitution without a Master, in one easy lesson.* The key seems to be the same as of dreams, i. e., language goes by "*contraries*," to quote the orthography of Mrs. Gummidge.

Hence it follows that "*all men are created equal*" means all men are *not* created equal, or all men are not created at all. "*Endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness*" means *not* so endowed, or endowed with such rights as *may be and have been alienated*, or, still more decisively, "*having no rights that white men are bound to respect.*" And in the Constitution, whenever power *seems* to be given, it is a mere verbal illusion, designed to catch the groundlings, for in that very clause the power is expressly prohibited. After all auxiliary verbs, as *may, must, shall, can*, as are used in that instrument, there is a *not* understood. So general is the application of this rule that there is no right guaranteed, no rule established, nothing prohibited, permitted or prescribed in the terms of that instrument which is not, in fact, *not* guaranteed and *not* established, and in every instance directly the converse of what the phraseology implies. The Constitution itself, instead of being a grant of powers, is an abrogation and denial of all power; and so far from there being any written Constitution, the whole thing is a phantasm, and the government rests wholly upon a "*sound discretion.*" But as all discretion is a question of law, to be decided by the general principles of the Constitution, and as the Constitution has no general principles, it rests with the Supreme Court to apply its own discretion to all Acts of Congress and Treaties, to all State rights and controversies affecting persons, and how they will exercise such discretion can only be known by understanding that they will so exercise it as *to negative all their own previously-expressed opinions* upon the subject-matter.

We are half ashamed to reiterate our indifference to the fortunes of the Dred Scott family. We belong to the class of the hard, dry, wiry curmudgeons of *precedent*, who never turn aside from a principle on account of any sentimentality that it may chance to intersect. *Dred Scott's* children and their mother, slobbering their decent check tiers over the result of the case, is a picture that is wholly thrown away upon our sensibilities. We are not to be the dupes of any such demonstration. The thousands of black men thrust out of the pale of American citizenship, and the protection of the laws of the land—why will people continue to bore us with such a trivial consideration? The perpetuation of slavery, by making it impossible legally to prevent its extension over all the Territories of the Union, we cannot allow ourselves to regard for one moment. Enough that we have taken an oath to support the Constitution, if, indeed, the true sense of that oath ought not now to be understood as swearing *not to support it.* With some smattering of Blackstone and those monarchical notions about the rights of persons, and natural justice, and a basis in the universal reason as the sanction of all law, which existed in the dispensation earlier than the revelation of the American Constitution, we are only anxious for new light to guide us aright towards the enlightened discharge of our social and political duties. Most of all, we find ourselves wholly at fault in that system of interpretation we have heard applied by lawyers and judges to contracts, notes, statutes and other writings, and which prevails in those hospitals of decayed legal learning, the *County Courts*, where fusty *fifth-rate attorneys* even presume to question the constitutionality of the *Fugitive Slave Act.* We suspect now it is all wrong—that I "promise to pay" means *I never will pay*—that "I give, grant, sell and convey" legally implies, *I expressly reserve and forever withhold*, and that verdicts have been obtained, judgments compulsorily satisfied, and poor men sent to prison, upon principles that would not stand for a moment in the new light of the United States Supreme Court. We shudder to contemplate that our own property or liberty has resulted from some abuse of legal interpretation, some oversight of the rule of negation which ought to prevail in all constitutional hermeneutics.

Would it not be well, to quiet the apprehensions of all persons who may be disposed to run an excellent rule completely under the ground, for Congress (bless us, what are we thinking of?—they surely have no such power, but if they had) to pass an Act declaratory, first, of the existence, and *qualified* authority in *His particular sphere*, of God, and that he had not been abrogated by the *Constitution*, the *Compromise Act of* 1850 or the *Kansas Nebraska bill*, however much his previous jurisdiction may have been restricted by those enactments—that God still existed for general police purposes, and to indicate the political year, and be devoutly named in wills and custom-house oaths. Secondly, quieting all *white* persons in their present rights to property, and permitting them to recover on simple contracts, any principles laid down by the Supreme Court in the *Dred Scott* case to the contrary notwithstanding.

Besides this, is it not now advisable to establish, at Washington, Richmond or Lecompton, a National Law School, to the Presidency of which the eminent Chief Justice may now retire, and where Caleb Cushing may occupy a professor's chair; so that the ingenuous youth of this land may learn law that will do them some good, and ensure their promotion, instead of trying to match *dead languages*, taught in New England Colleges, with *dead* law, read out of *sectional* law books and corrupted with *Mansfield abolitionism*, out of "*British authorities*," in Cambridge and New York?

A TIME-SERVING MINISTRY.

THE question, "Who shall guard the guards themselves?" is as significant and as much practically needed now as it was when first asked by Juvenal.

"What a privilege it must be, sister Jones," said the wife of a layman to the wife of a popular and successful minister, "to have your husband's business so entirely removed from worldly temptations, to have his ordinary occupation a help instead of a hindrance to growth in grace, and to find the work of each day, and his customary intercourse with his fellow-men, a means of remembering and doing, instead of forgetting, the one thing needful." To this congratulation sister Jones merely replied, "I used to think so."

Judging *a priori*, would not every one think so? Since men's ordinary business *is* beset with temptations adverse to religion, since the work of "getting a living" *does* often lead them to prefer present profit to permanent welfare, how plausible seems the idea of setting apart a class of men to take care that the community shall be periodically reminded of the claims of religion upon them, and separating that class from the temptations incident to ordinary life by making their occupation and their interest exactly coincident with their duty. Would not every one expect such an arrangement to secure at least these three good things—a habit, in the party thus guarded, of referring all things to the rule of right rather than of temporary expediency, a practical conformity of their own lives to that rule of right, and an earnest and invariable inculcation of that rule upon those who are under their pastoral charge? How strange, then, does it seem that neither of these three results should actually be secured; and that the man who indulges in a popular sin can generally quote the preaching as well as the life of his minister in its defence!

Examples of this are abundant.

The President, who has just retired from the executive chair of the United States, was raised to that bad eminence solely by his utter and complete subserviency to the purposes of the Slave Power. This sufficed to counterbalance, not only his obscurity up to that time, but the obvious want of those qualifications, external and internal, which usually helped men to distinguish themselves above their fellows. Naturally a small and weak man, no great good was to be expected from him in a situation so entwined with corrupt influences as the Presidency of the United States; yet he has conducted an eminently profligate and pernicious administration, without the credit of having even *attempted* to impede the aggressive march of the Slave Power over the honour, the rights and the liberties of his native North. He has willingly directed the wealth, power and influence of his high position against the poor and the weak; he has done his utmost to snatch the bread given by charity from the hungry, to dash the cup of cold water from the thirsty lip, to tear away the garments just bestowed upon nakedness and poverty, to break down the roof which might give shelter to the weary wanderer; he has opened new and broad territories to the desolating march of slavery; and instead of helping the robbed and wounded, or even passing quietly by on the other side, he has sent civil and military forces in aid of the robbers, and heard, unmoved, the authenticated accounts of invasion, robbery, murder, rape and arson, of every conceivable outrage, committed by *his* forces sent to maintain the wrong, against citizens, men and women, standing in defence of their own unquestionable right.

After four years spent in such baseness, and crowned with such final eminence of wickedness, the President is displaced, and retires; and now we hear the voice of the "religious" press (which, being edited almost exclusively by clergymen, may be regarded as identical with the pulpit) uplifted *in his praise.* "He has been a regular attendant on Divine worship," say they, "thus setting an example which more of our public men ought to imitate." "All who fear God must rejoice that respect is paid to religion in high places. The example of the President, of his family, of his Cabinet, of Congress, is of vast importance as seen and regarded by their countrymen."

Well, although President Pierce is not a very shining example of benefit gained by "regular attendance" at church, this may have been no fault of his minister. The latter is responsible, not for success in his preaching, but only for the diligent use of means. We are willing to concede that President Pierce must have been a "hard subject," even for the powerful influence of Divine truth. His evil fruit shows him to have been a corrupt tree; his life for four years past justifies us in attributing to him an eminent degree of "hardness of heart and blindness of mind"; and these characteristics may have enabled him, after decorously and regularly taking his seat in church, to listen, Sunday after Sunday, unaffected and unreformed, to the most faithful and earnest rebukes of his wicked life—of his neglect of so very much of the good, and his active performance of so very much of the evil, possible to a President of the United States—of his persecution of the weak, his oppression of the poor, his alliance with wicked men for evil purposes, his obstruction of good men in their beneficent purposes—in short, his utter prostitution of the power and influence of his office. Mr. Pierce's church-going—*if* he went to a place where *the Gospel* is preached—there be many churches of a different stamp—had at least this advantage, that it gave his minister a hundred opportunities in each year of the Presidential term to set before him his sins, his duties, his responsibility, the demands of right, the claims of mercy, the guilt of oppression, the danger of delay, the need of repentance, the certainty of avenging justice. What a glorious opportunity for a minister of Christ—an ambassador from God—to find the wicked ruler of a corrupt people willing to come, and come regularly, twice a week, to hear what precept or admonition the Gospel had *for him.*

We have neither seen nor heard one of those sermons. Our only means of judging of their character is the report furnished by the newspapers of the final one, after the Presidential term had closed without reformation or even improvement. The scene is a truly remarkable one. A man whose elevated station has made him known to the country and the world as a persistent, hardened and impenitent sinner, comes officially and publicly, for the last time, before another official personage whose special business is the exposure and rebuke of sin. We can easily credit the report that the church was very much crowded, and that all the pews were filled, at an early hour, except the one to be occupied by the President. He came in as the service commenced. What wonder that the Rev. Mr. Sunderland, the pastor, took occasion to address the President, and alluded to the great dignity to which he had been called as chief ruler of this nation. Therein was the aggravation of his guilt, that, having received so many talents, such large opportunities and means of doing good, he had worse than buried, worse than wasted, perverted and reversed them. He must of course be addressed, not merely as a private, but as a public, hardened and notorious sinner.

Can it be believed? The address of the Rev. Mr. Sunderland to the President was eulogy and flattery! He spoke "*of the success of his Administration, of the cessation of popular clamour, and of the prosperity of the nation of which he had been the head; and alluded feelingly,* WITH TEARS, *to the* SORROW OF THAT CHURCH at his approaching departure." Probably the members of that church are familiar with the movement technically known as "following suit"; for the toady who officially reported this transaction proceeds—"A solemn stillness and many tears bore witness to the truthful statement."

However deeply the Church and its wolf may have felt the loss of fashion and popularity attendant on the approaching cessation of the "regular attendance" of a President, Mr. Sunderland and his church-members of course did not design to have their regrets and their tears referred to *this* cause. What explanation remains? What but this? that in losing him they lost a pillar of the Church, a brother beloved, a bright and shining light, a polished shaft in the temple, a Corinthian column, at once supporting and adorning them! Think of it! A Church, calling itself a Church of Christ, and speaking *as a Church—sorry to* LOSE *Franklin Pierce!* Can bathos go deeper?

But a more weighty significance than we have yet indicated attaches to this transaction. It is in nowise strange that a corrupt Church and a time-serving parson should hold fashionable preeminence at the seat of government. That is a matter of course. A *Christian* Church, with a *Christian* minister, could not possibly hold such a position. But the sad, mournful, discouraging thing, to one who earnestly desires that this nation may become a Christian nation, is that a great majority of the religious teachers of this whole country, North and South, East and West (and of course the great majority of their hearers), understand religion, Christianity, the Gospel, to be just that very stuff which for four years past Mr. Sunderland has been preaching, and Mr. Pierce "regularly attending," and the natural result and culmination of which is found in the farewell address above cited. We have their testimony in black and white upon this very transaction. The *Observer* speaks the real opinion of the Presbyterian ministers and churches, the *Watchman* of the Baptist ministers and churches, the *Puritan* of the Orthodox Congregational ministers and churches, when they call the regular attendance of such a man as Pierce on such a ministry as Sunderland's "respect for religion." The paper last mentioned records that certain citizens of Washington, who made a parting address to President Pierce, "received a *beautiful* reply, in which, among other things, he commended the quiet manner in which, he said, the Sabbath is kept in Washington." This well-chosen expression secures the favour of the *Puritan* (and equally of the other papers named, and their conductors and subscribers), for Gen. Pierce, in spite of the fact that the armed men *whom he sent* to put down liberty and put up slavery in Kansas spent their Sundays, indiscriminately with their other days, in robbing, killing and burning, among the settlements of that ill-fated Territory, unrebuked, either for the crimes or the day on which they were committed.

Until now, we have always supposed the story of the Fejee chief—who declared that since his conversion to Christianity he no longer ate his enemies *on Sunday*—to be an exaggeration. But the *Puritan* fairly matches the Cannibal.

Do the *Observer*, and the *Watchman*, and the *Puritan* believe that the Roman Catholic doctrine that attendance on the observances collectively known as "public worship" is equally efficacious, and equally an indispensable part of Christian duty, whether the clergyman performing those services be a saint or a profligate? Whether they believe this or not, they teach it, and teach it *effectively*, by just such notices of the current events of the day as we have quoted above. We need no more than this report of the farewell sermon addressed to the President by Mr. Sunderland to understand his four years' course of preaching, as far as that eminent oppressor and tyrant was concerned. Through the whole of this period he has been daubing him with untempered mortar—leaving him at ease in his sins—crying peace, peace, when there was no peace—justifying wickedness for a reward—strengthening the hands of the wicked, that he should not return from his wicked way, by promising him life—aiding him in the killing of his brethren—and not once, in the course of the four years' Presidency, so speaking as "to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life" if he would receive the needed admonition, or, on the other hand, to convince him that at least one Presbyterian preacher could imitate the faithful rebukes of Nathan, Elijah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Peter, Stephen and Paul. And yet, after Mr. Sunderland's thorough unfitness for the Christian ministry is made manifest by the publication of this false and servile eulogy, the religious press openly praise President Pierce's patronage of *his* preaching and praying as "*respect* for RELIGION."

Do we not need better official representatives of Christianity than these? Yet this is the voice of the clergymen of greatest eminence and widest influence in their respective denominations; and it is precisely for plainly pointing out the difference between these men and Christians, and the difference between their preaching and Christianity, that the Abolitionists are called—Infidels.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND SLAVERY.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IT has been frequently stated, by persons who wish to remove the odium which attaches to the Methodist Episcopal Church because of her guilty connection with slavery, that the "General Rule" on slavery constitutes her an anti-slavery Church; and it appears that, at the last General Conference, some of the members contended that the rule against *buying* and *selling* with intent to enslave meant also the holding of slaves. The *Christain Advocate and Journal*, the chief organ of that Church, in an editorial (March 26), combats the idea as follows:

"To this astounding assumption against the plainest language we replied, that if this is the meaning of the law, notwithstanding its plain wording, then the following facts are to be reconciled. First, that it prohibited slavery when nearly our whole territory was slaveholding, when, out of over fifteen thousand members, only one thousand lived beyond slave territory. Second, that the law was created in a slaveholding community, where the members of the Conference were daily at the tables of slaveholders. Third, that after the Conference adjourned, *no such application was ever made of the law*, and no reference was ever made to such an intention, though it was habitually applied to the traffic, 'buying and selling' of slaves. Fourth, that this very law or 'General Rule,' before it was transferred to the 'General Rule' or Constitution, was one of a long series of statutory rules in the chapter on slavery, all the rest of which regulated slaveholding among us, thereby implying its admission, and implying that this one item did not totally interdict it, but had reference to the traffic, to 'buying and selling,' as it expressly says—a traffic which *slaveholders themselves* then generally *considered atrocious.* Fifth, that its transfer to the Constitution was unaccompanied by a word or any other indication which showed that a new sense was given to it. Sixth, that laws were made, through scores of years, *regulating* and *ameliorating* slavery, and thereby implying *its tolerated existence* in the Church, but without one reference to the above 'General Rule' as having absolutely interdicted it. Seventh, that if that rule did absolutely interdict it, then Asbury, Coke, Whatcoat, McKendree, and all 'the fathers,' did administer the government *unconstitutionally*, through more than half a century, without *any one ever suggesting or apparently dreaming of the fact.* Let him who can swallow these absurdities without choking do so."

Here we have an endorsement of all that the Abolitionists have ever said of the Methodist Episcopal Church. And it flatly contradicts the report on slavery presented at the last General Conference by that portion of the Committee who claimed to be anti-slavery—that "the Methodist Episcopal Church has ever maintained an unmistakable anti-slavery character," and that "it has never ceased openly and before the world to bear its testimony against the sin and to exercise its disciplinary powers to the end that its members might be kept unspotted from criminal connection with the system, and that the evil itself be removed from among men." It was owing, in some measure, to the falsehoods the report contained that it met with such opposition. The Conference knew that they were not an anti-slavery Church and had never exercised the discipline against slavery or slaveholders as such.

But the position in which Dr. Stevens of the *Advocate and Journal* here places his Church is even more criminal and degrading than anything the Abolitionists have ever said of it. According to him, it is absurd to suppose that the Church would make a law prohibiting slavery at a time when nearly their whole territory was slaveholding; when, out of over fifteen thousand members, only one thousand lived beyond slave territory. What a time-serving set of men he represents "the fathers" of the Methodist Episcopal Church to have been! Again, it is absurd to suppose that the Church would make a law against slaveholding "where members of the Conference were probably daily at the tables of slaveholders"! Now, had some despised Abolitionist said that the God of those old Methodist "fathers" was their belly, or that they followed Christ for the loaves and fishes, the Doctor would doubtless be one of the first to denounce him as an infidel. He also gives us to understand that the "traffic" "*slaveholders themselves then generally considered atrocious.*" Would we be wrong, therefore, from this fact and the character he here gives us of "the fathers" who made the rule, in coming to the conclusion that the rule was made, not against slavery or slaveholding, but to suit the tastes of slaveholders?

Notwithstanding all he here says, he contends that the Methodist Episcopal Church is anti-slavery. He says: "We are an anti-slavery Church; our constitution and our laws are in spirit all against slavery, and would sooner or later ameliorate and reduce it away, but we have tolerated the relation under given restrictions." We would like to see where the toleration of slavery by the Church has ever had this tendency. The toleration of slavery under given restrictions has been to make it respectable and Christian. The restrictions under which it was placed were to give it Christian character and consistence. The course of the Methodist Episcopal Church, therefore, has been the most conservative of slavery of any the Church could possibly adopt. Can Methodists any longer be deceived by this talk about tolerating slavery, under given restrictions, as a means of its removal?

New York, March 29th, 1857. OBSERVER.

COLOURED VOTERS IN VIRGINIA.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN a note to my communication in THE STANDARD of April 4, I said that my previous statement concerning coloured voters in Virginia had been disputed, which, if correct, would leave but *ten* instead of the *eleven* original States as admitting coloured voters when the Federal Constitution was adopted. I made this concession in deference to a communication of Mr. Sherrard Clemmens, of Wheeling, Va., in the New York *Tribune*, disputing my previous statement in that paper, and alleging a Colonial Act of 1723, excluding coloured voters. From an editorial in this morning's *Tribune* it will be seen that this Act was repealed in 1783, and that coloured citizens voted in Virginia at the time the Federal Constitution was adopted. In this morning's *Tribune* appears also a letter from J. G. E. Larned, stating the same facts, with others of a similar and interesting character. I have also in my possession an affidavit attesting the fact of coloured citizens voting in Virginia in the early part of the present century. WILLIAM GOODELL.

48 Beekman street, N. Y., April 8, 1857.

ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENT IN ST. LOUIS.—It is certainly a cheering fact that the party which had the courage to set itself in direct opposition to the Border Ruffian Democracy, and to avow itself favourable to the gradual abolition of slavery and to the fullest and freest discussion of the whole subject, has actually elected its ticket for charter officers in the slaveholding city of St. Louis. This result is the more remarkable in view of the fact that it was achieved in defiance of the name and influence of Col. Benton, who, on this subject, separated himself from his most ardent friends, bitterly denouncing and opposing even this qualified and partial movement toward emancipation.

The editor of the St. Louis *Leader*, in a speech just before the election, said he had seen a letter from Colonel Benton, which he was not allowed to copy, "but," said he, "I was permitted to carry away, to repeat, and to publish as much of it as I could remember, and I can tell you, gentlemen, that I remember the letter pretty well, for I read it over and over, conned it, and committed it as nearly as possible to memory, and wrote it down from that recollection. I will undertake to say that, so far as it goes, it is nearly word for word as Old Bullion wrote it. This letter was dated on the 23d of February, and must have been written soon after Col. Benton had received that wonderful emancipation speech of Mr. Gratz Brown, soon after he heard of the avowal of emancipation by his former friends in the Legislature; and, gentlemen, you will find that he says the same thing in regard to these friends of his which I always said in the *Leader*, during the canvass, viz.: *That they were deceiving and betraying Col. Benton.* I will now read Col. Benton's letter":

"I saw with amazement," writes Col. Benton, "the late abolition movement in the Legislature, and wrote immediately to Price, Rusk and others at Jefferson City, to denounce and repudiate it. These persons ought to have cut themselves loose from me before they began such agitation. If they intended to start such a question, they should have let it be known before the election, and not have deceived me.

"I was told by many that these persons would turn out for abolition after the election, but I could not believe it. That a State agitation of slavery should be added to the national agitation, at the time we were denouncing the national agitation, was an incredible thing.

"For persons calling themselves my friends *to attack the policy of my whole life*—(the italics are Col. Benton's)—to attack the policy of my whole life, after making use of my name to carry an election, is the *greatest outrage* I have ever experienced. Not one of them has ever approached me on the subject, or has offered any explanation or justification, for it is something which they can neither explain nor justify. They know perfectly well that I introduced the clause against emancipation into the Constitution of the State, with a view to keep this slavery agitation out of politics, and that my whole life has been opposed to their present course." [It was signed,] THOMAS H. BENTON.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL SLAVE-HUNTER.—A slaveholder came from Virginia to this city, recently, to hunt for one of his lost chattels. He spent some time, with the aid of the police, in mousing around the localities inhabited by the coloured people, but without success. Having heard something of the marvels of spiritualism, and how the dead come back to their friends, "a-ticking like a clock," it occurred to him that, perchance, some inhabitant of the land of disembodied intelligences might take pity on him in his extremity, and, playing the part of a bloodhound, put him on the track of his escaped slave. In a somewhat excited and anxious mood, he visited first a medium, through whom spirits are said to communicate by taking possession of her body and using her organs of speech. All that we know of what transpired in the presence of this medium is derived from the statements made by the slave-hunter himself, who said that, permitting herself for a time to be "possessed" by some spirits in affinity with him, she poured out a stream of profanity which made his hair stand on end. Her own spirit friends came at length to the rescue, and, after delivering her from this demoniacal possession, told him that he was surrounded by degraded and malicious spirits, who could not be permitted to manifest themselves to him through her. He next visited a rapping medium. Taking his seat at the table, he began to question the invisible agency. "Do you know what I came here for?" Yes (three raps). "Was it to buy goods?" No. "Was it to visit my relations?" No. After several other specifications, he asked plumply, "Did I come to catch a nigger?" Yes (three heavy raps). The medium promptly informed him that no spirit capable of affording any aid to the accomplishment of such a purpose was ever permitted to approach her, or even to come anywhere into her neighbourhood. Her spirit friends were all anti-slavery, and deeply interested in the success of the Underground Railroad. Whether he visited any other mediums or not, we cannot tell. But the slave-hunter returned to his home to meditate upon the uncertain tenure of that "peculiar property" which is the chief source alike of wealth and poverty in the Old Dominion.

We publish this story because we are assured of its essential truth, and not on account of any bearings which it may be supposed to have upon the cause of Spiritualism, so called, which lies out of the proper domain of a journal like ours.

COMEOUTERISM AT THE SOUTH.—The New School Presbyterians at the South are quarrelling with each other upon the question whether the General Assembly of their Church is, or is not, essentially "sound on the goose." One party avows the dark suspicion that the terrible monster, Abolition, lies couchant under the milk-and-water resolutions of the Assembly, like a cat in a meal-tub, and that it becomes Southern Presbyterians not only to stand to their arms and be ready to attack the savage foe the moment he dares to show his teeth, but to make such demonstrations in advance as cannot fail to frighten him from his diabolical purpose. The other and more numerous party insists that there is no ground whatever for alarm—that the resolutions in question really mean nothing, having been passed only for "buncombe"—to throw dust into the eyes of the anti-slavery members of the Church in the North. This party, therefore, discourages agitation and counsels the more uncompromising friends of slavery to be moderate and conciliatory. Not long since, the Rev. F. A. Tyler (a Northerner by birth), Pastor of the Teoc Church near Carrolton, Mississippi, tried to persuade the Presbytery of which he was a member to assume a belligerent attitude toward the General Assembly; and on finding his brethren reluctant to adopt such a policy, he withdrew from the body, and the Teoc Church, following his example, declared itself "independent of the jurisdiction" of the South Lexington Presbytery. The Teoc Church, in vindicating their pastor against the assaults of his brethren, say: "Yes, 'Northerner by birth,' if you choose, he dared to tell the Church South that they were under the ban and censure of their General Assembly, while some others, 'natives to the manor born,' have been the uniform apologists of the offensive action of our highest judicatory. This constitutes his offence," &c. We should like to know what Northern State has the honour of giving birth to this champion of bondage, whose zeal so puts to shame the lukewarmness of men born under the glorious light of the patriarchal institution. In what "school of the prophets" did he qualify himself to become a defender of the faith? Does he illustrate the highly evangelical teachings of Hodge, or of Stuart, or of Taylor? Who can tell?

THE CITIZENSHIP OF COLOURED PERSONS.—The Senate of Maine having requested the opinion of the Supreme Court of that State upon the citizenship of coloured persons, as affected by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, Judge Goodenow, the oldest and most experienced member of the Bench, has responded by giving his opinion that coloured persons having three months' residence are voters, under the provisions of the Constitution of that State.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCVII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent abjureth the Weather, but cannot escape from it—He commendeth Neighbour J

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXCIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent meteorologiseth and calorifieth—He commendeth the Summer—And its looks—He is bucolical, feline and disrespectful unto Editors—He divergeth to Commencement and disserteth thereupon—And upon the heat, the change of time, Dr. Holyoke and Major Longbow—He describeth vain expectations of the College Corporation—He defendeth the same—And deserteth the scene—Also what happened the next day—And of Dr. Bacon's Oration—He criticiseth it and is savage on Poems—He consoleth the Doctor, praiseth putty and gloriteth the Union—He telleth of the temperature of the political oven and of the state of the dough—He condoleth over the Whigs—He telleth of the Protracted Meeting of the Know-Nothings—And of the Bolt upon a Bolt—He meddleth with matters which concern him not—He treateth of Burlingame and Brooks, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, July 28, 1856.

Is it warmish your way? It is most undeniably so in these latitudes. If a man should wish to get up a reputation for eccentricity, he could n't do better than affirm that it is *cool*. Nevertheless, the abundance of rain early in the season has enabled us to keep our looks remarkably. It is an uncommonly well preserved Summer. The grass continues to look green and the trees fresh, though we begin to apprehend a drought. The hay-crop has been marvellous; and, if anything could bring down the price of anything after it has once gone up, I should think that hay must be cheaper next Winter. But as a cat is usually all the live stock editors can afford to keep, and as cats, I believe, are not fœnivorous animals, I suppose you do not care a straw about the matter. But it is a fine as well as a beautiful season, and one that is friendly to the kindly fruits of the earth. So we will excuse such little ebullitions of heat, which are often constitutional with generous and beneficent natures.

Commencement and its satellite, Phi Beta day, have passed over this meridian since I wrote to you last. The weather was of the very *doggiest* kind, and had a good deal of effect in keeping people away. Every succeeding year makes more and more patent the absurdity of the change which shifted this old New England festival from the end of August to the middle of July. It is said that, by comparing the meteorological records kept by Dr. Holyoke for the better part of his century of life with those made more recently at the University, it is ascertained that the chances are that the day fixed on for Commencement will be the hottest of the whole three hundred and sixty-five. This year, though Commencement was hot enough for any one not in training for a permanent residence of superlative torridity, still it was but a circumstance to the day that came after it. It was like the one Major Longbow told of in India, when the lady of the house where he was dining was suddenly reduced to a heap of ashes, and so little surprising was the circumstance that all the notice her husband took of it was to ring for the servant and say, "John, bring clean glasses and sweep away your mistress!"

Commencement day was more remarkable for what did *not* take place than for what *did*. People generally hereabouts were absurd enough to take it for granted that the Corporation of the University would not lose this opportunity to do themselves and the institution the honour to confer the Degree of L.L. D. on Senator Sumner. The time was an eminently fitting one, and the man certainly as eminently fitted, by talents, learning and official position, as the herd of obscurities that the Corporation has branded with those letters in years past. Nearly, if not quite, every Senator of Massachusetts in the United States Senate has received this compliment; every one, I imagine, that was a graduate of the College. It was not generally expected that the hunkerish tendencies of the Corporation would have blinded them to the just and natural expectations of the public. But those who remembered how persistently they attempted to provide for a man like Commissioner Loring, at the expense of the College, in spite of his notorious mediocrity of legal attainments and in the face of the infamy he had brought upon himself by his decision in the Burns case, they were not astonished at a sin of omission of this nature. It was curious to watch people's faces as the President was announcing the Honorary Degrees, and the contempt that settled down upon them when the list of Doctors of Law was done with. Not that the worthy gentlemen who received that promotion were not as deserving of it as the average of those who have had it for the last dozen years (they must be singularly undeserving, else); but everybody measured them intellectually by Mr. Sumner, and it was not their fault if they looked rather small alongside of him.

The next day, being the Festival of the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, these feelings, which had had no vent the day before, found an outlet at the Dinner in the Hall. Mr. Sumner's health was proposed and drank with all the honours, the whole company rising and joining in the most enthusiastic cheering. The heat had melted the Society down to a very moderate *residuum*, but it is to be supposed that what could stand such an application of caloric must have been quintessential in its character. And such I apprehend it was. The Orator was the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, whose Discourse gave very general satisfaction. Perhaps it savoured a trifle too much of the pulpit; but that is a rock as hard for a minister to shun as a smack of the Fourth of July is for a lawyer to evite. It might have been somewhat shorter without any injury to its general effect; but, then, as the audience was spared that most dreary and desolate of applications, which even Satan himself had not the cruelty to add to the measure of Job's, I mean an Occasional Poem, it was of the less consequence. It was rather more highly flavoured with the Higher Law doctrine than was perfectly in keeping with the antecedents of the place. Though, to be sure, Henry Ward Beecher did break in on the hallowed routine in an uproarious manner last year. We have been so accustomed to have the Union saved on that day in the year, if on none other, that one hardly feels as if it could be safe if the operation is omitted. I think a little *putty* might be spared once a year at least, just to stop up the chinks and give the poor old battered, bruised, cracked gallipot the decent appearance of holding together.

The heat of the weather has not had the effect of cooling off the political atmosphere. Baking is necessary, I suppose, to making the bread of the politicians; and it is curious to speculate as to how much of the batch will turn out *dough*. The oven is hot enough, at any rate. From present appearances, the Republicans will have it all their own way in this State. The poor, old, broken-down, paralytic, asthmatic Whig party is trying to potter about on such crutches as it can pick up, and to wheeze out protestations that it is still alive, when all the world knows that it is nothing but

"A corpse set up for show,
Galvanized at times to go."

Its only object, of course, is to damage the Republicans as much as it can. It is only holding aloof to see whether it can best effect this object by going for Buchanan or for Fillmore. But it is too far gone to be of much weight in either scale. The Know-Nothings are in a state of open Schism. Governor Gardner's game is to secure another term, and he and his partisans are ready to go for Fremont or Fillmore, according as one or the other side of the fence will help him in holding on. The game is to compel the Republicans to nominate him, in which case he will be sure of the stakes. It is none of my business, but it seems to me that it would be a donkeyish proceeding on their part if they do. It would be a severe blow to the character of the party, and its character is what it has most to depend upon.

The Know-Nothings had a most riotous meeting in Faneuil Hall, last week—altogether the most mobbish of any ever held there. The fight was between the Fillmorites and the Fremonters. The battle was fought over the permanent organization of the Meeting, which did not take place till about 3 a. m.—the combat raging all through the night. As it was decided in favour of the Fremont side of the house, the Fillmorites bolted, and the majority proceeded to nominate Gardner for Governor. Upon which about a hundred or so of the remainder withdrew, so that there is a double crack in this rampart against the Paddies. Gov. Gardner, it is understood, is entirely uncommitted either to Fremont or Fillmore, and is waiting upon Providence and the Republican Convention. It is altogether likely that the weak backs among these last may think that it would be strengthening to have the man that would not remove Loring and that did veto the Personal Liberty Bill bestriding them and riding pick-a-pack into the Council Chamber again. But I think it would indicate a decided softening of the spinal marrow. But, as I said before, it is none of my business; only "what great ones do, the less will prattle of."

The Brooks and Burlingame duel, of course, has excited a great deal of talk here. The general feeling, necessarily, is against such a settlement of differences and in favour of Northern men refusing to put themselves on the level of the semi-savages of the Slave States. There is no equality or fairness in an encounter between such men. People were sorry that Mr. Burlingame had not taken the ground of Mr. Wilson. Or, if he held to the *duello* as a proper mode of settling differences, and so could not take it, that he had not refused to recognise Brooks as a gentleman entitled to the satisfaction of being shot. An assassin that had attempted the life of his friend in so cowardly and brutal a manner was surely no more entitled to be treated as an honourable equal, even on the duelling platform, than a felon convicted and sentenced for precisely such a crime. As to the material point, how it will affect his reëlection, I am unable to speak with any authority. It is my own private opinion that, as matters now seem to stand, it will not hurt him at the polls.

D. Y.

A NEW GOVERNOR FOR KANSAS.—The President has removed Wilson G. Shannon from the governorship of Kansas, and nominated as his successor John W. Geary, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Geary, for many years a civil engineer, was elected Colonel of the Second Pennsylvania Regiment in the Mexican War. He was appointed by President Polk in 1849 to proceed to California as Postmaster of San Francisco. He was subsequently appointed, by General Riley, Judge or Alcalde. He was the first Mayor of San Francisco under the City Charter, and was appointed by the State Legislature a member of the Board of Commissioners for the funded debt. The despatch announcing his appointment says: "He is represented as being forty years of age and admirably fitted for the discharge of the duties of the office to which the President has appointed him." Shannon having made himself infamous by his notorious subserviency to the Border Ruffians, the Administration now throws him away like an old shoe, and puts in his place a Pennsylvanian, who, while engineering the cause of the slaveholders quite as effectually as his predecessor, may yet, it is thought, manage affairs with some show of decency, and thus rescue the fortunes of Buchanan from utter ruin. We have no doubt whatever that this change has been forced on the President by Buchanan and his immediate friends, to relieve them from the load of infamy resting upon them in the free States in view of Shannon's atrocious conduct. It is too late, however, for them to hope by this means to escape from a responsibility voluntarily and shamelessly assumed.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.—If the reader would see a fresh illustration of the intolerant and relentless spirit of the South, let him turn to the Pro-Slavery department, on the first page, and read the letter addressed, by the slaveholders of Galveston, Texas, to their late Representative in the State Legislature, commanding him to be silent on the subject of slavery and threatening him with condign punishment if he should dare to disobey their insolent mandate. Mr. Sherwood, the gentleman referred to, had been guilty of no other offence than avowing, before the Legislature, his belief that Congress has the Constitutional right to legislate on the subject of slavery in the Territories. For this he was compelled to resign his seat, and, though a slaveholder, denied the right of defending or explaining himself before his constituents. This shows what the slaveholders would do everywhere if they had the power. They would muzzle or destroy every free press and silence by the terrors of Lynch law every man who dares to rebuke them for their crimes. Is not the idea of a governmental union with such men on the part of the North too preposterous for argument? Let the unholy alliance be dissolved.

ANOTHER DREADFUL CALAMITY.—Last week we recorded three appaling accidents, attended with loss of many lives, which had occurred on three different routes of travel. We now add another to the catalogue. On Saturday night last, the steampipe of the steamer Empire State, from Fall River for New York, off point Judith, exploded, killing several persons outright and scalding others. There were 225 passengers on board, most of them in their berths. The alarm caused by the explosion was fearful, and the scene that followed may be more easily imagined than described. We cannot give the details. It must suffice to say that 14 persons have already died from the effects of the explosion, and that eight others, though severely scalded, are expected to recover. It is affirmed that the boat was under very rapid headway at the time of the accident, and that the smokepipe on one side was red hot nearly to the top. The affair is to be rigidly investigated. The steamer returned immediately to Fall River, making the passage with one engine and wheel.

HERBERT, the California Representative in Congress, has been acquitted at last upon the charge of murdering the Irish waiter Keating. The jury was almost exclusively composed of Know-Nothings, and the Judge was a warm political friend of the prisoner. The verdict was received with uproarious demonstrations of applause, as if a Democratic victory had been achieved. A recent letter from California says:

"As to the murderer Herbert and his apologist Weller, they may have the audacity to return to this State; but if they come with the hope of further political preferment, they are doomed to disappointment. California feels the disgrace they have heaped upon her; and she is not wanting in good and patriotic men to fill their places. If Congress were to regard the wishes of nineteen-twentieths of the people of this State, Herbert would be expelled from that body."

REV. ABEL STEVENS, on taking the editorial chair of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*—a position reached through deliberate treachery to the anti-slavery cause—took occasion to express the wish that he might not, "for months to come," be requested to publish anything connected with the subject that has recently "agitated" the Church. He thinks that, after the exciting scenes through which the Church has so recently passed, she needs a season of "profound repose," in order to recruit her spiritual energies. The woes of the slaves, the sufferings of the people of Kansas, and the great struggle between slavery and freedom, are all nothing to the Methodist Episcopal Church, which desires to give herself entirely to the work of sectarian propagandism! What would Jesus say of such a Church if he were now on earth?

THE SLAVE TRADE IN CUBA.—The Havana correspondent of *The Tribune* has been informed by a gentleman who, from his position, has full opportunity of knowing all about the introduction of Africans into Cuba, that during the present year between St. Jago de Cuba and Cienfuegos, including Sancti Espiritu and the Eusenaza de Cocinos, there had been landed, with the greatest publicity and security, nearly ten thousand Africans—all the parties whose duty it was to have prevented such disembarkations have been made "safe." No less than three cargoes were landed on the South coast within the week preceding July 17th. No wonder the slavebreeders of Kentucky, North Carolina, Virginia and Maryland are anxious to have Cuba for a market.

HEALTH OF MR. SUMNER.—The Washington correspondent of *The Times*, under date of July 27th, says:

"I learn from excellent authority that Senator Sumner is not improving in health under the influence of the usually invigorating sea breeze. His physical debility still continues with perverse tenacity—a most discouraging symptom in the estimation of those friends who know how vigorous his constitution heretofore has been, how temperate his habits and perfect his former health. He has left Cape May for the mountains, hoping to be benefited by the change from sea to mountain air; but, from the evidence before me, I cannot avoid the melancholy conviction that he will never recover from the effects of the Brooks assault."

MEETING IN BUCKS COUNTY.—We learn that an anti-slavery meeting will be held in the woods, on the premises of Mahlon B. Linton, near Newtown, Bucks County, Pa., on Saturday, August 9th. J. M. McKim, Robert Purvis, Oliver Johnson and other speakers are expected to attend.

It is probable that a free religious meeting will be held on the following day (Sunday).

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA, in Synod assembled, has enjoined its Presbyteries to be careful, in admitting to fellowship Presbyterian ministers from the United States, to examine them on the subject of slavery, and to be satisfied, before receiving them, that their views accord with the resolutions passed by the Synod in 1851 and 1853—resolutions asserting the doctrine of non-fellowship with slaveholders in the most emphatic terms.

CONGREGATIONALISM IN WASHINGTON.—A movement has been made to settle the Rev. E. H. Nevin, formerly of Ohio, now of Walpole, Mass., as pastor of the Orthodox Congregational Church in Washington. If they want a jesuitical, narrow-souled minister, who will not hesitate to lie for the good of the Church and the glory of God, he is just the man for them.

THE *Cayuga Chief*, a racy and spirited Temperance paper, has been removed from Auburn, N. Y., to Fort Atkinson, Jefferson Co., Wisconsin. Our best wishes go with the editors, Thurlow W. and Emma Brown, to their new home. A newspaper such as they have made and will continue to make is worthy of a liberal support, wherever it may be published.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE for August (No. 14) is promptly on our table. It presents the following table of contents:

Early English Explorers; Burial of Moses; An Elephant Ride; Life, Writings and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton; Howling Dervishes at Broussa; Dogs of Constantinople; The Billiard Marker; The Modern St. Catherine; The Triton and the Minnows; Autobiography of Kate Coventry, Part V.; De Soto; The Fortunes of Glencore—Part VI.; Mrs. Behn and her Novels; Discoveries in Jerusalem; Ballad of Bunker Hill; A Family on the Wing; Bond and Free; Short Articles; Poetry. 144 pp. $3 per annum. Boston: Littell, Son & Co.

HON. ROBERT B. HALL, Representative in Congress from the Plymouth District in Massachusetts, is entitled to our acknowledgments for a copy of his very able speech upon the Sumner assault.

THE CALL of the Ohio Anniversary will be found in its appropriate place. It will be seen that PARKER PILLSBURY, C. L. REMOND and A. T. FOSS are expected to attend. These, with other speakers belonging to the Western Society, will ensure an interesting meeting.

THE Coroner's Jury, after a full investigation of the circumstances attending the late calamity on the Northern Pennsylvania Railroad, while exonerating other parties, place the blame of the accident upon Mr. Hoppel, the conductor of the excursion train.

THE OHIO YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS is to be held at Salem, Columbiana Co., commencing Saturday, Sept. 6th.

HON. W. H. SEWARD will please accept our thanks for a copy of his latest speech on the Kansas question, an extract from which appeared in THE STANDARD of July 19.

OUR thanks are due to Hon. CHAUNCY L. KNAPP for recent numbers of the *Congressional Globe*.

Summary.

The Rev. Dr. Tyng, of Philadelphia, is not yet silenced. He scathed the Doughfaces lately, on Sunday, from the text: "Go preach to the people all the words of this life."

In the "Life of Wilberforce" is the following entry in his diary: "Went to hear Mr. Foster. Felt much devotion, and wondered at a man who fell asleep during the psalm. During the sermon *went to sleep myself!*"

TRIUMPH OF VERSE.—Let Martin F. Tupper be crowned with poppies! He has written a poem called *The Opium Trade*. The beautiful effusion is so true to its purpose that, ere reading three verses, Punch fell fast asleep.—*Punch.*

Punch has a pictorial representation of "Life at an American Hotel," suggested by the murder of the waiter at Willard's, by Herbert. In the picture a guest is represented as holding a revolver at the head of his opposite neighbour, with the imperious demand, "Pass the mustard!"

The Southern papers begin to talk more and more decidedly of enslaving the whites of the Union, and putting down this humbug of universal suffrage! Well, we oppose the whole thing; but if fate so decrees, we bespeak the office of hitting Winthrop, Douglas and Fillmore, thirty-nine on the bare back! With what exquisite grace they would take the cat'o-nine-tails!—*Newport (Ky.) News.*

Mrs. Nichols, formerly editress of the Windham Co. (Vt.) *Democrat*, in a letter to the Keene *Sentinel*, says, that lying before her as she writes is a bullet taken from the shoulder of her son, and shot thither from the rifle of Capt. Pate, at the battle of Black Jack, on the 2d of June. It entered near the arm pit, just below the collar bone, and carried pieces of clothing to where it lodged just under the shoulder blade.

A GOOD ONE.—The following is reported to us as having lately occurred in Bristol County:

"A witty clergyman being accosted by an old acquaintance of the name of Cobb, replied, 'I don't know you, sir.' 'My name is Cobb,' rejoined the man, who was about half seas over. 'Ah, sir,' returned the clergyman, 'you have so much *corn* on you I didn't see the *cob*.'"

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—This road still continues to do a good business. A train, containing sixteen fugitives from Southern tyranny and oppression, was recently run through this section of the country. The train reached this depot in safety, and the "passengers" are now beyond the reach of kidnappers and dealers in human flesh.—*New Bedford Standard.*

"THE AMERICAN PULPIT."—In a notice of this work, *The Congregationalist* says: "We are not able to see why—if Dr. Dewey is not too great a heretic for the author's conscience—Mr. Chapin might not have found admission, whose soul is large enough to contain Dr. Dewey with all his actual ancestry and probable posterity, with a residuum of unoccupied space, and whose oratory is immensely loftier, more genuine and more effective."

The Mormon creed not only permits polygamy, but marriage between blood relations. A traveller states that he has met with numerous cases of men who had married both mother and daughter. One bishop married six wives, all sisters, and his own nieces. Brigham Young recently built a stone harem for his ninety wives, but they all revolted and wouldn't go into the cage. Ninety women were too much for one man, and Saint Brigham was obliged to give in. Among the late arrivals at the St. Louis hotels is one that reads—"E. Smith and four wives, Salt Lake."

THE SLAVE TRADE CASE.—The examination of the persons who were arrested on the charge of being engaged in the slave trade did not take place yesterday. Application will be made to the United States District Court this morning for the releasement of Baker and Labradada on bail. The offence of which they are accused is piracy under the laws of the country and is punishable with death. We understand that the vessel on which the traffic was conducted was purchased by the same parties who have recently been detected in New York; the money was advanced by them and paid through McStabell. —*Baltimore American.*

GAGGED.—General Wilson, in a recent speech at New Haven, declared that he received on an average six letters a day from anti-slavery men at the South; but who dare not let their sentiments be known to their neighbours. Now we have some correspondents at the South, who are not merely anti-slavery men, but Abolitionists; such ones too as are seldom found in the North. But these are surrounded by such a system of espionage that we are not safe in naming them, or in referring to the State or States in which they reside. Such men are in duty bound to protect themselves and families by meeting into a civilized community.—*Gen. Valley Free Press.*

Upon a certain occasion in the United States Senate, Mr. Buchanan, in the course of a personal explanation, stated that he had volunteered to go to Baltimore in the last war with Great Britain, when the British attacked that city. "I think I have heard something about the gentleman's volunteering," said Mr. Clay, "but I understand that, when he arrived at Baltimore, the British were gone." "Yes," replied Mr. Buchanan, "they were." "Well," said Mr. Clay, "I merely wish to know whether Mr. Buchanan volunteered because he knew that the British were gone, *or whether the British heard that the gentleman had volunteered, and therefore evacuated the coast.*"—*Louisville Journal.*

R. W. EMERSON AND THE SPIRITUALISTS.—Mr. Emerson, in the last lecture of his recent series at Boston, spoke of the manner in which a great man's thought diffuses itself and gets respected, in a generation or two, widely and mechanically. After using several other illustrations, he said that the law is strikingly revealed in the midnight fumblings over mahogany throughout the country now, to get at the secrets of the spiritual world. It always happens, he said, that whatever spirit is called up—Franklin, or Fenelon, or Napoleon, or Abdel-Kader—it is always Swedenborg that answers. That is the cow from which all the milk comes.—*Boston Transcript.*

A PERSONAL COMPLIMENT.—In a recent meeting of an Evangelical Association—

"Dr. Bacon said that he had an antipathy to what may be properly called political preaching. For example, he did not believe in introducing the name of the President of the United States into the pulpit, or the name of the Senator from Illinois (laughter). He rarely spoke of the Devil in the pulpit (laughter), and *never of Mr. Garrison* (great laughter). That sort of personality is undesirable. And even though it may be proper to 'give the Devil his due,' yet *est modus in rebus* there is moderation in all things."

Dr. Bacon is diabolically amiable and considerate towards us. We will remember our indebtedness.—*Liberator.*

DEATH OF A GOOD MAN.—Enoch Lewis, formerly of Chester County, and well known to many of the readers of this paper, died at Philadelphia, on Monday last, aged 81 years. Few men possessed a stronger or more gifted mind. He was for many years one of the principal teachers at Westtown School, and was the author of several valuable elementary treatises upon Mathematics. Of late years, he has been employed as editor of the *Friends' Review*, a position which he filled with ability up to the time of his death. Probably one of the last articles from his pen—put in types before we had received intelligence of his demise—appears on the first page of our present issue. It is entitled "Punctuality," and is a true type of the author. He was a Christian, whose actions conformed strictly to the "Yorkshire peasant's simple line."—*Del. Co. Republican.*

A LUDICROUS INCIDENT.—A few days since, says the *Traveller*, that most worthy and flourishing Society, the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, made their annual excursion down the harbour. They had with them a beautiful ensign, bearing the insignia of their calling, the "Mortar and Pestle," which, hoisted to the fore, gallantly fluttered to the breeze. After they were well under way, a steam tug, having in tow four scows, took up a position immediately behind, and in this order they went down the harbour. The steamer and scows, however, turned off at Deer Island, when the apothecaries, with laudable curiosity, made inquiry as to the nature of the cargo of the crafts to which they had in some part performed escort duty, and were not a little surprised to find that the scows were loaded with bodies from a grave-yard in the city, in the course of removal to Deer Island.—*Boston Telegraph.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE GENUINE SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE SACKING OF LAWRENCE, BY DAVID R. ATCHISON, LATE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND A WARM SUPPORTER OF JAMES BUCHANAN.—* * * * "Throw into the Kansas their printing presses, and let's see if any more FREE SPEECHES will be issued from them. Boys, do the Sheriff's entire command, for to-day Mr. JONES is not only Sheriff, but Deputy Marshal, so that whatever he commands will be right, *and under the authority of the United States, and for it you will be amply paid as United States troops, besides having an opportunity of benefiting your wardrobes* from the private dwellings of those infernal Nigger-stealers.

* * * * * "The resolve of the entire South, and of THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION, is to carry the war into the heart of the country, and never—never to slacken or stop UNTIL EVERY SPARK OF FREE STATE, FREE SPEECH, FREE NIGGERS, OR FREE IN ANY SHAPE, IS CRUSHED OUT OF KANSAS!"

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—Andrew Norton, the person arrested at East Cambridge on the 7th of April last, for cruelty to a horse, was convicted of the crime at the criminal term of the Court at Concord last week, and sentenced to the House of Correction at East Cambridge for the term of one month. He has been in jail since his arrest, in April last; consequently his punishment is quite as heavy as he was prepared to expect. Cruelty to that noble and useful animal, the horse, should never be suffered to pass unpunished. By making striking examples of a few of the perpetrators of such outrages, the number would be very much reduced. It is proper and may be profitable here to think of the contrast between Northern and Southern justice. In Washington a man is simply fined three hundred dollars for attacking, like a coward, and almost killing a Senator in his seat; in Massachusetts a man suffers over four months imprisonment for cruelty to a horse. *O tempora! O mores!—Cambridge Chronicle.*

GIDDINGS AND EDMUNDSON.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post* says:

"Edmundson further stated that he never went armed with any other weapon than a penknife. This is contrary to the general impression of Edmundson, who is one of the most extreme Southern men, though I do not remember any personal assault committed by him. During the present session, however, he once exhibited a tendency that way, when he interrupted Giddings in one of his speeches, by approaching and, with a menacing air, challenging him to 'say that again!' The Shakspearian retort of the sturdy veteran was admirably telling. Shaking his white head with excitement, stretching forth his arm with indignant defiance, the brave old giant exclaimed:

'Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble.'

ECONOMICAL LIVING.—I find people living here in the most simple, sensible way, such as we Americans ought to learn. A true gentleman and a man of the world, with his suite of three or four rooms in the third story of a large house, entertaining distinguished company without carpets, or anything more than one joint of meat at table—is there not good sense in that? The incomes are small and rents high, and people economize in room and things of display, and use their money for real pleasures. The fact is we Americans do not understand how to *enjoy life!* And I believe, with all our talk against "Fifth Avenue," &c., it is our *mechanics* who are the most extravagant class. I believe they spend more and get less in return in proportion to their means than any other class. These excursions, and secret societies, and fire companies, and grand dresses for their wives and daughters, take off a great part of the surplus earnings, so that when a tight time comes, the mechanic feels it excessively. It would make any of us ashamed of his extravagance to go among these Danes; to see a gentleman and lady of refinement and education, living and showing hospitality in rooms which a first class carpenter would be ashamed of in New York.—*Letter from Copenhagen (Denmark), in The Sun, from C. L. Brace.*

CHAINS FOR FREEMEN.—One of the chains used in confining Free State prisoners in Kansas has been taken to Washington for exhibition. It is seven feet long, made like a trace chain and quite heavy. The two ends were fastened around the ankles with two heavy padlocks. The slack part of the chain was then brought up by a strap, fastened in the centre and attached to the body. Eight Free State men were bound by U. S. Marshal Donaldson in this style, were kept thus confined near a month, and then driven with their chains on, like a southern slave gang, thirty miles beneath a burning sun, under escort of a company of U. S. dragoons; and it was then found that against six of them there was not even a complaint entered, and the other two were retained on charge of high treason—that crime consisting in resistance to a gang of robbers and murderers employed to enforce what is called "law and order" in Kansas. The chain is to be sent to Boston, that Massachusetts may see what treatment her sons in Kansas receive at the hands of this Administration for daring to be true to the principles of her native State. Hurrah for the Buchaneer democracy!—bludgeons for free speech—chains for free men!—*Springfield Republican.*

ACQUITTAL OF HERBERT, THE MURDERER.—A despatch from Washington, dated the 25th ult., says:

"The jury in the Herbert case, after retiring for three-quarters of an hour, returned a verdict of acquittal. The announcement was received with manifestations of joy and delight, and Mr. Herbert was immediately surrounded by his friends, who accompanied him to the Kirkwood House.

About 6 o'clock, Mr. Preston, for the prosecution, wished to reply to Mr. Walker's strictures, which was objected to by the other counsel for Mr. Herbert. Ex-Mayor Lenox, who was standing by, was overheard by Mr. Radcliffe to observe that he was unfair, or unjust. Mr. Radcliffe sharply said, in reply, they wanted no outside here, and, in the course of the hurried colloquy that ensued, Mr. Lenox called Mr. Radcliffe a liar. Mr. Radcliffe immediately dashed at Mr. Lenox, but Mr. Bradley immediately interfered, and prevented a collision.

Such is the version of the affair. Subsequently, Deputy Marshal Phillips made a complaint before Justice Thompson, who was on the premises, that he had reason to believe Mr. Radcliffe had sent and Mr. Lenox had received a challenge. Mr. Radcliffe was forthwith arrested, and held to bail in $3,000 not to fight a duel. A warrant was served on Mr. Lenox, who has failed to appear."

LIFE IN TURKEY.—The Constantinople correspondents of the Parisian journals give frightful accounts of the condition of society in the Turkish Empire. A son of the French Consul was recently murdered at Tenedos; and his sole offence was, his having, by inadvertence, trodden upon the foot of a Turk. The poor lad was only fourteen years of age. He was first beaten, and, when he tried to defend himself, was killed. On another occasion, at Constantinople, a handful of Tunisians, taking one man for another, seized upon a wretched Greek, whom they had never seen before, declared he was an individual to whom they bore a grudge, and the poor fellow was literally cut to pieces by their sabres.—*Phil. Inq.*

How much better is life in Washington? When Reuben Whitney was examined before a Committee of Congress, some years ago, he happened to put his hand toward his pocket, and one of the chivalry—his Excellency Henry A. Wise, we believe—drew his pistol to shoot him, lest when he put his hand in his pocket he might draw out a weapon. The Hon. Preston S. Brooks intimates that if Mr. Sumner had not been taken so unawares, he would probably have prevented the chastisement he was determined to inflict, when he should have had to kill him like a refractory slave that would not submit to discipline. —*Tribune.*

SUGGESTION TO OUR SOUTHERN FRIENDS.—Far be it from us to stir up the already perturbed spirits of Southern chivalry to any sudden flood of mutiny. We would have peace if we could; but if we cannot have it, we prefer to see the war carried on in gallant style by the enemy. It is conceded on all hands that Toombs's Kansas bill, if carried in the House, would bestow upon Kansas the unspeakable blessings of slavery. It is also conceded that if it be defeated, it will meet its fate by a very small majority. The course to be pursued by our Southern friends, to secure its passage, is apparent. Let them forthwith knock down and drag out from the House six opponents of the bill. Let them administer the blows with mercy, but at the same time with firmness great enough to secure the desired object. Let them send these malignants to the seclusion of the sick chamber, and call at once for a vote upon the bill. It will be enacted; Kansas will be a slave State; and all these agitating, disuniting questions will be settled. The cost will be only $1,800. Judge Crawford has fixed the tariff of felonious assault at that price, making it $300 per head broken. This sum can easily be raised, and the money paid into court before any disagreeable arraignment and pleading. Just think of quieting the country at the cost of only $1,800! What a bargain! Seize your cues, chivalrous gentlemen of South Carolina and Arkansas! Go in and win!—*Boston Atlas.*

BRIGHAM YOUNG ON POLYGAMY.—The latest number of the Deseret *News* which has reached the States contains the following apology for polygamy, addressed by Brigham Young to some of the refractory brethren: "I do really wish that some were possessed of better sense; I will therefore tell you a few things that you should know. God never introduced the patriarchal order of marriage with a view to please man in his carnal desires, nor to punish females for anything which they had done, but he introduced it for the express purpose of raising up to his name a royal priesthood, a peculiar people. Do we not see the benefit of it? Yes, we have lived long enough to realize its advantages. Suppose that I had had the privilege of having only one wife, I should have had only three sons, for these are all that my first wife bore, whereas I now have buried five sons, and have thirteen living. It is obvious that I could not have been blessed with such a family if I had been restricted to one wife; but by the introduction of this law, I can be the instrument in preparing tabernacles for those spirits which have come into this dispensation. Under this law I and my brethren are preparing tabernacles for those spirits which have been preserved to enter into bodies of honour, and be taught the pure principles of life and salvation, and those tabernacles will grow up and become mighty in the kingdom of our God." One of the elders—Brother Grant—in a Sunday morning discourse, gives the following as his experience of the workings of polygamy: "You cannot alter it; you cannot revoke this eternal law. If a man has fifty wives, and the fiftieth is the best, does the most good, she will get the greatest reward, in spite of all the grunting on the part of the first ones."

The *Church Journal*, an organ of the Episcopalian denomination, warmly condemns all preachers against slavery The following is its argument:

"In our own day, we hear loudly on every side of us, here at the North, that the 'Spirit of the Gospel is opposed to slavery.' Now this is either true or it is not true. If it is not true, then there is not even a decent pretence for the cry that it is 'the duty' of ministers of the Gospel to preach against slavery. If, on the other hand, it is true that 'the Spirit of the Gospel is opposed to slavery,' then let the clergy devote themselves wholly to promoting 'the Spirit of the Gospel'; for that '*Spirit of the Gospel*,' if thus opposed, will do away slavery itself, as soon as it is strong enough. This indirect influence will operate more surely and rapidly than direct agitation."

"If," said the Caliph Omar, when, according to the popular legend, he was about to destroy the priceless treasures of the Alexandrian library, "if there be aught in these books which is contrary to the Koran, it is not true and ought to be destroyed; and if there be anything which agrees with the Koran, it is superfluous, and may be burned up accordingly." The *Church Journal* merely uses another form of the Caliph's argument. Of course, in its view of Christian duty, special forms of evil, such as cheating, stealing, profanity, perjury, adultery, and the like, are not to be attacked in the pulpit. Let the "Spirit of the Gospel" only become strong enough, and all sins will at once be done away with. The Reverend Cream Cheese and the Reverend Mellifluous Velvet are eminent types of the clerical conduct advocated by the *Church Journal.* —*Tribune.*

FRANCES D. GAGE, of St. Louis, a woman of rare good sense, whose writings in prose and verse have won for her an enviable reputation, makes about the worst looking and most illegible manuscript that ever puzzled and vexed a compositor or tormented a proof-reader. In a recent letter to the *Woman's Advocate* she thus "owns up."

"Dear friends of the *Advocate*, 'I write the worst hand in the world,' can't read it myself when it gets dry.

"The T's are not crossed, the I's are not dotted,
Some words are expunged, and others are blotted,
And some are spelled wrong, or letters left out;
One scarcely can tell what I'm writing about.
My capital letters are all on a spree;
Every B is an L, every L is a B.
The P's and the Q's are exactly alike;
The M's, N's and U's are out on a strike;
Some letters are large, and some very small;
And the words hop about, like straws in a squall;
No wonder the poor girls can't read it at all.

"You will ask why I do not reform myself. I can only answer, that I do try constantly; every letter, every line I write, I think of it, and am ever striving, seemingly to no purpose. Till thirty years old I had never a serious thought about the matter—had taught myself to write—was a constant scribbler for my own amusement, and fixed my bad habits by years of practice, which now it seems impossible to change. Now a word to the young: Strive in the beginning to write well—that is, a clear legible hand—beauty or flourish is not so essential. A bad, careless hand-writing is a source of annoyance to both the writer and the receiver of manuscript. It deprives the letter of a friend of much of its relish, if it is so scrawled as to cause real trouble and guessing to make it out. A business letter, badly written, often is a cause of great pecuniary loss; for a public writer the extent of the misfortune can hardly be estimated. Habits are stubborn things, and may not be easily broken; and with a majority the hand-writing is made by habit; with many it will cost hours of persevering trial to attain excellency in this branch of education. But it is worth much, very much time and pains."

But don't come here! Whereupon Mr. Edmundson returned to his seat."

We fear Mr. Brooks has made an imprudent remark in his closing speech in the House. He says that if Mr. Sumner had wrested the cane from his hand, he might have done what he should have been sorry for all his life; that is to say, he might have killed him, and that he would *have been sorry for it.* We apprehend that this admission will not help Mr. Brooks with his constituents. Has it come to this, that the mere slaying of an Abolitionist should be a matter of regret to one of the chivalry? Does Mr. Brooks mean to say that he would really have been sorry if he had killed a Massachusetts Senator in the District of Columbia, where the price of nearly doing it is fixed at only $300? Such mawkish sensibility is unworthy of gutta percha. Such womanly weakness is discreditable in a representative of South Carolina. We do not think that such a man will be likely to receive Senatorial honours; he will doubtless receive the endorsement of his immediate constituency for his exhibition of chivalry, but we apprehend that he cannot expect advancement after the declaration that, under any circumstances, it would be a matter of regret to him that he had killed a Massachusetts Senator. In taking all the precautions that Mr. Brooks did, in consulting with his friends upon the best plan of attack consistently with his personal safety, in arming himself with a deadly weapon, not openly carried, but doubtless as conveniently within reach as the necessary concealment would permit, he acted up to the true spirit and intent of chivalry (South Carolinian). But when he intimates that if Mr. Sumner, in spite of all the disadvantage at which he was taken, had wrested the cane from his hand, and he or one of his accomplices had shot him, that he should have lamented the act, he comes quite too near being an Abolitionist himself. An explanation of this extraordinary admission will doubtless be looked for in South Carolina.—*Providence Journal.*

[Advertisement.]

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☞ MEETING OF

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE NINTH. THE NEW NURSE.

[Continued.]

While Mrs. Jazeph was declaring that she was not hurt, the door of the room was opened, and the doctor entered, leading in Mr. Frankland.

"We come early, Mrs. Frankland, but we are going to give you plenty of time to compose yourself for the night," said Mr. Orridge. He paused, and noticed that Rosamond's colour was heightened. "I am afraid you have been talking and exciting yourself a little too much," he went on. "If you will excuse me for venturing on the suggestion, Mr. Frankland, I think the sooner good-night is said, the better. Where is the nurse?"

Mrs. Jazeph sat down with her back to the lighted candle when she heard herself asked for. Just before that, she had been looking at Mr. Frankland with an eager, undisguised curiosity, which, if any one had noticed it, must have appeared surprisingly out of character with her usual modesty and refinement of manner.

"I am afraid the nurse has accidentally hurt her side more than she is willing to confess," said Rosamond to the doctor, pointing, with one hand, to the place in which Mrs. Jazeph was sitting, and raising the other to her husband's neck as he stooped over her pillow.

Mr. Orridge, on inquiring what had happened, could not prevail on the new nurse to acknowledge that the accident was of the slightest consequence. He suspected, nevertheless, that she was suffering, or, at least, that something had happened to discompose her; for he found the greatest difficulty in fixing her attention, while he gave her a few needful directions in case her services were required during the night. All the time he was speaking, her eyes wandered away from him to the part of the room where Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were talking together. Mrs. Jazeph looked like the last person in the world who would be guilty of an act of impertinent curiosity; and yet she openly betrayed all the characteristics of an inquisitive woman, while Mr. Frankland was standing by his wife's pillow. The doctor was obliged to assume his most peremptory manner, before he could get her to attend to him at all.

"And now, Mrs. Frankland," said Mr. Orridge, turning away from the nurse, "as I have given Mrs. Jazeph all the directions she wants, I shall set the example of leaving you in quiet, by saying good-night."

Understanding the hint conveyed in these words, Mr. Frankland attempted to say good-night, too, but his wife kept tight hold of both his hands, and declared that it was unreasonable to expect her to let him go for another half-hour at least. Mr. Orridge shook his head, and began to expatiate on the evils of over-excitement, and the blessings of composure and sleep. His remonstrances, however, would have produced very little effect, even if Rosamond had allowed him to continue them, but for the interposition of the baby, who happened to wake up at that moment, and who proved himself a powerful auxiliary on the doctor's side, by absorbing all his mother's attention immediately. Seizing his opportunity at the right moment, Mr. Orridge quietly led Mr. Frankland out of the room, just as Rosamond was taking the child up in her arms. He stopped before closing the door to whisper one last word to Mrs. Jazeph.

"If Mrs. Frankland wants to talk, you must not encourage her," he said. "As soon as she has quieted the baby, she ought to go to sleep. There is a chair-bedstead in that corner which you can open for yourself when you want to lie down. Keep the candle where it is now, behind the curtain. The less light Mrs. Frankland sees, the sooner she will compose herself to sleep."

Mrs. Jazeph made no answer; she only looked at the doctor and curtseyed. That strangely scared expression in her eyes, which he had noticed on first seeing her, was more painfully apparent than ever, when he left her alone for the night with the mother and child. "She will never do," thought Mr. Orridge, as he led Mr. Frankland down the inn stairs. "We shall have to send to London for a nurse, after all."

Feeling a little irritated by the summary manner in which her husband had been taken away from her, Rosamond fretfully rejected the offers of assistance which were made to her by Mrs. Jazeph as soon as the doctor had left the room. The nurse said nothing when her services were declined; and yet, judging by her conduct, she seemed anxious to speak. Twice, she advanced towards the bedside—opened her lips—stopped—and retired confusedly, before she settled herself finally in her former place by the dressing-table. Here she remained, silent and out of sight, until the child had been quieted, and had fallen asleep in his mother's arms with one little pink, half-closed hand resting on her bosom. Rosamond could not resist raising the hand to her lips, though she risked waking him again by doing so. As she kissed it, the sound of the kiss was followed by a faint, suppressed sob, proceeding from the other side of the curtains at the lower end of the bed.

"What is that?" she exclaimed.

"Nothing, ma'am," said Mrs. Jazeph, in the same constrained, whispering tones in which she had answered Mrs. Frankland's former question. "I think I was just falling asleep in the arm-chair, here; and I ought to have told you perhaps that, having had my troubles, and being afflicted with a heart complaint, I have a habit of sighing in my sleep. It means nothing, ma'am, and I hope you will be good enough to excuse it."

Rosamond's generous instincts were aroused in a moment. "Excuse it!" she said. "I hope I may do better than that, Mrs. Jazeph, and be the means of relieving it. When Mr. Orridge comes to-morrow, you shall consult him, and I will take care that you want for nothing that he may order. No! no! Don't thank me until I have been the means of making you well—and keep where you are, if the arm-chair is comfortable. The baby is asleep again; and I should like to have half-an-hour's quiet, before I change to the night-side of the bed. Stop where you are for the present; I will call as soon as I want you."

So far from exercising a soothing effect on Mrs. Jazeph, these kindly-meant words produced the precisely opposite result of making her restless. She began to walk about the room, and confusedly attempted to account for the change in her conduct, by saying that she wished to satisfy herself that all her arrangements were properly made for the night. In a few minutes more, she began, in defiance of the doctor's prohibition, to tempt Mrs. Frankland into talking again, by asking questions about Porthgenna Tower, and by referring to the chances for and against its being chosen as a permanent residence by the young married couple.

"Perhaps, ma'am," she said, speaking on a sudden, with an eagerness in her voice, which was curiously at variance with the apparent indifference of her manner. "Perhaps, when you see Porthgenna Tower, you may not like it so well as you think you will now? Who can tell that you may not get tired and leave the place again after a few days—especially if you go into the empty rooms. I should have thought—if you will excuse my saying so, ma'am—I should have thought that a lady like you would have liked to get as far away as possible from dirt, and dust, and disagreeable smells?"

"I can face worse inconveniences than those, where my curiosity is concerned," said Rosamond. "And I am more curious to see the uninhabited rooms at Porthgenna than to see the Seven Wonders of the World. Even if we don't settle altogether at the old house, I feel certain that we shall stay there for some time."

At that answer, Mrs. Jazeph abruptly turned away, and asked no more questions. She retired to a corner of the room near the door, where the chair-bedstead stood which the doctor had pointed out to her—occupied herself for a few minutes in making it ready for the night—then left it as suddenly as she had approached it, and began to walk up and down, once more. This unaccountable restlessness, which had already surprised Rosamond, now made her feel rather uneasy—especially when she once or twice overheard Mrs. Jazeph talking to herself. Judging by words and fragments of sentences that were audible now and then, her mind was still running, with the most inexplicable persistency, on the subject of Porthgenna Tower. As the minutes wore on, and she continued to walk up and down, and still went on talking, Rosamond's uneasiness began to strengthen into something like alarm. She resolved to awaken Mrs. Jazeph, in the least offensive manner, to a sense of the strangeness of her own conduct, by noticing that she was talking, but by not appearing to understand that she was talking to herself.

"What did you say?" asked Rosamond—putting the question at a moment when the nurse's voice was most distinctly betraying her in the act of thinking aloud.

Mrs. Jazeph stopped, and raised her head vacantly, as if she had been awakened out of a heavy sleep.

"I thought you were saying something more about our old house," continued Rosamond, "I thought I heard you say that I ought not to go to Porthgenna, or that you would not go there in my place, or something of that sort."

Mrs. Jazeph blushed like a young girl. "I think you must have been mistaken, ma'am," she said, and stooped over the chair-bedstead again.

Watching her anxiously, Rosamond saw that, while she was affecting to arrange the bedstead, she was doing nothing whatever to prepare it for being slept in. What did that mean? What did her whole conduct mean for the last half-hour? As Mrs. Frankland asked herself those questions, the thrill of a terrible suspicion turned her cold to the very roots of her hair. It had never occurred to her before, but it suddenly struck her now, with the force of positive conviction, that the new nurse was not in her right senses.

All that was unaccountable in her behaviour—her odd disappearances behind the curtains, at the foot of the bed; her lingering, stealthy, over-familiar way of using the hair-brush; her silence at one time, her talkativeness at another; her restlessness, her whispering to herself, her affectation of being deeply engaged in doing something which she was not doing at all—every one of her strange actions (otherwise incomprehensible) became intelligible in a moment on that one dreadful supposition that she was mad.

Terrified as she was, Rosamond kept her presence of mind. One of her arms stole instinctively round the child; and she had half raised the other to catch at the bell-rope hanging above her pillow, when she saw Mrs. Jazeph turn and look at her.

A woman possessed only of ordinary nerve would, probably, at that instant, have pulled at the bell-rope in the unreasoning desperation of sheer fright. Rosamond had courage enough to calculate consequences, and to remember that Mrs. Jazeph would have time to lock the door, before assistance could arrive, if she betrayed her suspicions by ringing without first assigning some plausible reason for doing so. She slowly closed her eyes as the nurse looked at her, partly to convey the notion that she was composing herself to sleep—partly to gain time to think of some safe excuse for summoning her maid. The flurry of her spirits, however, interfered with the exercise of her ingenuity. Minute after minute dragged on heavily, and still she could think of no assignable reason for ringing the bell.

She was just doubting whether it would not be safest to send Mrs. Jazeph out of the room, on some message to her husband, to lock the door the moment she was alone, and then to ring—she was just doubting whether she would boldly adopt this course of proceeding, or not, when she heard the rustle of the nurse's silk dress approaching the bed-side.

Her first impulse was to snatch at the bell-rope; but fear had paralyzed her hand; she could not raise it from the pillow.

The rustling of the silk dress ceased. She half unclosed her eyes, and saw that the nurse was stopping midway between the part of the room from which she had advanced and the bedside. There was nothing wild or angry in her look. The agitation which her face expressed was the agitation of perplexity and alarm. She stood rapidly clasping and unclasping her hands, the image of bewilderment and distress—stood so for nearly a minute—then came forward a few steps more, and said inquiringly, in a whisper:

"Not asleep? not quite asleep, yet?"

Rosamond tried to speak in answer, but the quick beating of her heart seemed to rise up to her very lips, and to stifle the words on them.

The nurse came on, still with the same perplexity and distress in her face, to within a foot of the bedside—knelt down by the pillow, and looked earnestly at Rosamond—shuddered a little, and glanced all around her, as if to make sure that the room was empty—bent forward—hesitated—bent nearer, and whispered into her ear these words:

"When you go to Porthgenna, keep out of the Myrtle Room!"

The hot breath of the woman, as she spoke, beat on Rosamond's cheek, and seemed to fly in one fever-throb through every vein in her body. The nervous shock of that unutterable sensation burst the bonds of the terror that had hitherto held her motionless and speechless. She started up in bed with a scream, caught hold of the bell-rope, and pulled it violently.

"O, hush! hush!" cried Mrs. Jazeph, sinking back on her knees, and beating her hands together despairingly with the helpless gesticulation of a child.

Rosamond rang again and again. Hurrying footsteps and eager voices were heard outside on the stairs. It was not ten o'clock yet—nobody had retired for the night—and the violent ringing had already alarmed the house.

The nurse rose to her feet, staggered back from the bedside, and supported herself against the wall of the room, as the footsteps and the voices reached the door. She said not another word. The hands that she had been beating together so violently, but an instant before, hung down nerveless at her side. The blank of a great agony spread over all her face, and stilled it awfully.

The first person who entered the room was Mrs. Frankland's maid, and the landlady followed her.

"Fetch Mr. Frankland," said Rosamond, faintly, addressing the landlady. "I want to speak to him directly. You," she continued, beckoning to the maid, "sit by me here, till your master comes. I have been dreadfully frightened. Don't ask me questions; but stop here."

The maid stared at her mistress in amazement; then looked round with a disparaging frown at the nurse. When the landlady left the room to fetch Mr. Frankland, she had moved a little away from the wall, so as to command a full view of the bed. Her eyes fixed with a look of breathless suspense, of devouring anxiety, on Rosamond's face. From all her other features, the expression seemed to be gone. She said nothing, she noticed nothing. She did not start, she did not move aside an inch, when the landlady returned, and led Mr. Frankland to his wife.

"Lenny! don't let the new nurse stop here to-night—pray, pray don't!" whispered Rosamond, eagerly catching her husband by the arm.

Warned by the trembling of her hand, Mr. Frankland laid his fingers lightly on her temples and on her heart.

"Good Heavens, Rosamond! what has happened? I left you quiet and comfortable, and now——"

"I've been frightened, dear—dreadfully frightened—by the new nurse. Don't be hard on her, poor creature; she is not in her right senses—I am certain she is not. Only get her away quietly—only send her back at once to where she came from. I shall die of the fright, if she stops here. She has been behaving so strangely, she has spoken such words to me—Lenny! Lenny! don't let go of my hand. She came stealing up to me so horribly, just where you are now; she knelt down at my ear, and whispered—Oh, such words!"

"Hush, hush, love!" said Mr. Frankland, getting seriously alarmed by the violence of Rosamond's agitation. "Never mind repeating the words now; wait till you are calmer—I beg and entreat of you, wait till you are calmer. I will do everything you wish, if you will only lie down and be quiet, and try to compose yourself before you say another word. It is quite enough for me to know that this woman has frightened you, and that you wish her to be sent away with as little harshness as possible. We will put off all further explanations till to-morrow morning. I deeply regret now that I did not persist in carrying out my own idea of sending for a proper nurse from London. Where is the landlady?"

The landlady placed herself by Mr. Frankland's side.

"Is it late?" asked Leonard.

"Oh, no, sir; not ten o'clock yet."

"Order a fly to be brought to the door, then, as soon as possible, if you please. Where is the nurse?"

"Standing behind you, sir, near the wall," said the maid.

As Mr. Frankland turned in that direction, Rosamond whispered to him: "Don't be hard on her, Lenny."

The maid, looking with contemptuous curiosity at Mrs. Jazeph, saw the whole expression of her countenance alter, as those words were spoken. The tears rose thick in her eyes, and flowed down her cheeks. The deathly spell of stillness that had lain on her face was broken in an instant. She drew back again, close to the wall, and leaned against it as before. "Don't be hard on her!" the maid heard her repeat to herself, in a low sobbing voice. "Don't be hard on her! Oh, my God! she said that kindly—she said that kindly, at least!"

"I have no desire to speak to you, or to use you unkindly," said Mr. Frankland, imperfectly hearing what she said. "I know nothing of what has happened, and I make no accusations. I only see Mrs. Frankland violently agitated and frightened; I hear her connect that agitation with you—not angrily, but compassionately—and, instead of speaking harshly, I prefer leaving it to your own sense of what is right, to decide whether your attendance here ought not to cease at once. I have provided the proper means for your conveyance from this place; and I would suggest that you should make our apologies to your mistress, and say nothing more than that circumstances have happened which oblige us to dispense with your services."

"You have been considerate towards me, sir," said Mrs. Jazeph, speaking quietly, and with a certain gentle dignity in her manner, "and I will not prove myself unworthy of your forbearance by saying what I might say in my own defence." She advanced into the middle of the room, and stopped where she could see Rosamond plainly. Twice she attempted to speak, and twice her voice failed her. At the third effort, she succeeded in controlling herself.

"Before I go, ma'am," she said, "I hope you will believe that I have no bitter feeling against you, for sending me away. I am not angry—pray remember always that I was not angry, and that I never complained."

There was such a forlornness in her face, such a sweet, sorrowful resignation in every tone of her voice, during the utterance of these few words, that Rosamond's heart smote her.

"Why did you frighten me?" she asked, half relenting.

"Frighten you? How could I frighten you? Oh me! of all the people in the world, how could *I* frighten you?" Mournfully saying these words, the nurse went to the chair on which she had placed her bonnet and shawl, and put them on. The landlady and the maid, watching her with curious eyes, detected that she was again weeping bitterly, and noticed with astonishment, at the same time, how neatly she put on her bonnet and shawl. The wasted hands were moving mechanically, and were trembling while they moved—and yet, slight thing though it was, the inexorable instinct of propriety guided their most trifling actions still!

On her way to the door, she stopped again at passing the bedside, looked through her tears at Rosamond and the child, struggled a little with herself, and then spoke her farewell words—

"God bless you, and keep you and your child happy and prosperous," she said. "I am not angry at being sent away. If you ever think of me again, after to-night, please to remember that I was not angry, and that I never complained."

She stood for a moment longer, still weeping, and still looking through her tears at the mother and child—then turned away; and walked to the door. Something in the last tones of her voice caused a silence in the room. Of the four persons in it, not one could utter a word, as the nurse closed the door gently, and went out from them alone.

CHAPTER THE TENTH. A COUNCIL OF THREE.

On the morning after the departure of Mrs. Jazeph, the news that she had been sent away from the Tiger's Head by Mr. Frankland's directions reached the doctor's residence from the inn, just as he was sitting down to breakfast. Finding that the report of the nurse's dismissal was not accompanied by any satisfactory explanation of the cause of it, Mr. Orridge refused to believe that her attendance on Mrs. Frankland had really ceased. However, although he declined to credit the news, he was so far disturbed by it that he finished his breakfast in a hurry, and went to pay his morning visit at the Tiger's Head, nearly two hours before the time at which he usually attended on his patient.

On his way to the inn, he was met and stopped by the one waiter attached to the establishment. "I was just bringing you a message from Mr. Frankland, sir," said the man. "He wants to see you as soon as possible."

"Is it true that Mrs. Frankland's nurse was sent away last night, by Mr. Frankland's order?" asked Mr. Orridge.

"Quite true, sir," answered the waiter.

The doctor coloured and looked seriously discomposed. One of the most precious things we have about us—especially if we happen to belong to the medical profession—is our dignity. It struck Mr. Orridge that he ought to have been consulted before a nurse of his recommending was dismissed from her situation at a moment's notice. Was Mr. Frankland presuming upon his postion as a gentleman of fortune? It was impossible to decide that question as yet; but the mere act of considering it, exercised an undermining influence on the conservative foundations of Mr. Orridge's principles. The power of wealth may do much with impunity, but it is not privileged to offer any practical contradictions to a man's good opinion of himself. Never had the doctor thought more disrespectfully of rank and riches; never had he been conscious of reflecting on republican principles with such absolute impartiality, as when he now followed the waiter in sullen silence to Mr. Frankland's room.

"Who is that?" asked Leonard, when he heard the door open.

"Mr. Orridge, sir," said the waiter.

"Good morning," said Mr. Orridge, with self-asserting abruptness and familiarity.

Mr. Frankland was sitting in an arm-chair, with his legs crossed. Mr. Orridge carefully selected another arm-chair, and crossed his legs on the model of Mr. Frankland's, the moment he sat down. Mr. Frankland's hands were in the pockets of his dressing-gown. Mr. Orridge had no pockets, except in his coat-tails, which he could not conveniently get at; but he put his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and asserted himself against the easy insolence of wealth, in that way. It made no difference to him—so curiously narrow is the range of a man's perceptions when he is insisting on his own importance—that Mr. Frankland was blind, and consequently incapable of being impressed by the independence of his bearing. Mr. Orridge's own dignity was vindicated in Mr. Orridge's own presence; and that was enough.

"I am glad you have come so early, doctor," said Mr. Frankland. "A very unpleasant thing happened here last night. I was obliged to send the new nurse away at a moment's notice."

"Were you, indeed!" said Mr. Orridge, defensively matching Mr. Frankland's composure, by an assumption of the completest indifference. "Aha! were you, indeed?"

"If there had been time to send and consult you, of course I should have been only too glad to have done so," continued Leonard. "But it was impossible to hesitate. We were all alarmed by a loud ringing of my wife's bell; I was taken up to her room, and found her in a condition of the most violent agitation and alarm. She told me she had been dreadfully frightened by the new nurse; declared her conviction that the woman was not in her right senses; and entreated that I would get her out of the house with as little delay and as little harshness as possible. Under these circumstances, what could I do? I may seem to have been wanting in consideration towards you, in proceeding on my own sole responsibility; but Mrs. Frankland was in such a state of excitement that I could not tell what might be the consequence of opposing her, or of venturing on any delays; and after the difficulty had been got over, she would not hear of your being disturbed by a summons to the inn. I am sure you will understand this explanation, doctor, in the spirit in which I offer it?"

Mr. Orridge began to look a little confused. His solid substructure of independence was softening and sinking from under him. He found himself thinking—no, not not exactly thinking, but the next thing to it—of the cultivated manners of the wealthy classes; his thumbs slipped mechanically out of the arm-holes of his waistcoat; and, before he well knew what he was about, he was stammering his way through all the choicest intricacies of a complimentary and respectful reply.

"You will naturally be anxious to know what the new nurse said, or did, to frighten my wife so," pursued Mr. Frankland. "I can tell you nothing in detail; for Mrs. Frankland was in such a state of nervous dread last night that I was really afraid of asking for any explanations; and I have purposely waited to make inquiries this morning, until you should come here and accompany me upstairs. You kindly took so much trouble to secure this unlucky woman's attendance, that you have a right to hear all that can be alleged against her, now she has been sent away. Considering all things, Mrs. Frankland is not so ill this morning as I was afraid she would be. She expects to see you with me; and if you will kindly give me your arm, we will go up to her immediately."

Mr. Orridge uncrossed his legs, rose in a great hurry, and even went the length, instinctively, of making a bow. Let it not be imagined that he compromised his independence, while he acted in this way, by reflecting on rich men in a too hasty spirit of approval. When he mechanically committed himself to a bow, forgetting at the moment that Mr. Frankland was incapable of appreciating that art of homage, he was only thinking, in the most unmercenary and abstract way, of Blood—of the breeding it brought with it—of the inscrutable value that it gave to words which would sound quite simple and common-place in the mouths of ordinary people. Mr. Orridge was possessed—and it is due to him, to record the fact—of most of the virtues of his species, especially of that widely-spread virtue which preserves people from allowing their opinions to be seriously influenced by personal considerations. We all have our faults; but it is, at least, consolatory to think how very few of our dearest friends—to say nothing of ourselves—are ever guilty of such weakness as that!

On entering Mrs. Frankland's the doctor saw at a glance that she had been altered for the worse by the events of the past evening. He remarked that the smile with which she greated her husband was the faintest and saddest he had seen on her face. Her eyes looked dim and weary, her skin was dry, her pulse was irregular. It was plain that she had passed a wakeful night, and that her mind was not at ease. She dismissed the inquiries of the medical attendant as briefly as possible, and led the conversation immediately, of her own accord, to the subject of Mrs. Jazeph.

"I suppose you have heard what has happened," she said, addressing Mr. Orridge. "I can't tell you how grieved I am about it. My conduct must look in your eyes, as well as in the eyes of the poor, unfortunate nurse, the conduct of a capricious, unfeeling woman. I am ready to cry with sorrow and vexation, when I remember how thoughtless I was, and how little courage I showed. O, Lenny, it is dreadful to hurt the feelings of anybody—but to have pained that unhappy, helpless woman, as we pained her, to have made her cry so bitterly, to have caused her such humiliation and wretchedness——"

"My dear Rosamond," interposed Mr. Frankland, "you are lamenting effects, and forgetting causes altogether. Remember what a state of terror I found you in—there must have been some reason for that. Remember, too, how strong your conviction was, that the nurse was out of her senses. Surely, you have not altered your opinion on that point, already?"

"It is that very opinion, love, that has been perplexing and worrying me all night. I can't alter it; I feel more certain than ever that there must be something wrong with the poor creature's intellect—and, yet, when I remember how good-naturedly she came here to help me, and how anxious she seemed to make herself useful, I can't help feeling ashamed of my suspicions; I can't help reproaching myself for having been the cause of her dismissal last night. Mr. Orridge, did you notice anything in Mrs. Jazeph's face, or manner, which might lead you to doubt whether her intellects were quite as sound as they ought to be?"

"Certainly not, Mrs. Frankland—or I should never have brought her here. I should not have been astonished to hear that she was suddenly taken ill, or that some slight accident, which would have frightened nobody else, had seriously frightened her. But to be told that there is anything approaching to derangement in her faculties, does, I own, fairly surprise me."

"Can I have been mistaken!" exclaimed Rosamond, looking confusedly and self-distrustfully from Mr. Orridge to her husband. "Lenny! Lenny! if I have been mistaken, I shall never forgive myself."

"Suppose you tell us, my dear, what led you to suspect that she was mad?" suggested Mr. Frankland.

Rosamond hesitated. "Things that are great in one's own mind," she said, "seem to get so little when they are put into words. I almost despair of making you understand what good reason I had to be frightened—and then, I am afraid, in trying to do justice to myself, that I may not do justice to the nurse."

"Tell your own story, my love, in your own way, and you will be sure to tell it properly," said Mr. Frankland.

"And pray remember," added Mr. Orridge, "that I attach no real importance to my opinion of Mrs. Jazeph. I have not had time enough to form it. Your opportunities of observing her have been far more numerous than mine."

"Thus encouraged, Rosamond plainly and simply related all that had happened in her room on the previous evening, up to the time when she had closed her eyes, and had heard the nurse approaching her bedside. Before repeating the extraordinary words that Mrs. Jazeph had whispered into her ear, she made a pause, and looked earnestly in her husband's face.

"Why do you stop?" asked Mr. Frankland.

"I feel nervous and flurried still, Lenny, when I think of the words the nurse said to me, just before I rang the bell."

"What did she say? Was it something you would rather not repeat?"

"No! no! I am most anxious to repeat it, and to hear what you think it means. As I have just told you, Lenny, we had been talking of Porthgenna, and of my project of exploring the north rooms, as soon as I got there; and she had been asking many questions about the old house; appearing, I must say, to be unaccountably interested in it, considering she was a stranger."

"Yes?"

"Well, when she came to the bedside, she knelt down close at my ear, and whispered all on a sudden: 'When you go to Porthgenna, keep out of the Myrtle Room!'"

Mr. Frankland started. "Is there such a room at Porthgenna?" he asked, eagerly.

"I never heard of it," said Rosamond.

"Are you sure of that?" inquired Mr. Orridge. Up to this moment the doctor had privately suspected that Mrs. Frankland must have fallen asleep soon after he left her the evening before; and that the narrative which she was now relating, with the sincerest conviction of its reality, was actually derived from nothing but a series of vivid impressions produced by a dream.

"I am certain I never heard of such a room," said Rosamond. "I left Porthgenna at five years old; and I had never heard of it then. My father often talked of the house in after years; but I am certain that he never spoke of any of the rooms by any particular names; and I can say the same of your father, Lenny, whenever I was in his company after he had bought the place. Besides, don't you remember, when the builder we sent down to survey the house wrote you that letter, he complained that there were no names of the rooms on the different keys, to guide him in opening the doors, and that he could get no information from anybody at Porthgenna on the subject. How could I ever have heard of the Myrtle Room? Who was there to tell me?"

Mr. Orridge began to look perplexed; it seemed by no means so certain that Mrs. Frankland had been dreaming, after all.

"I have thought of nothing else," said Rosamond to her husband, in low, whispering tones. "I can't get those mysterious words off my mind. Feel my heart, Lenny—it is beating quicker than usual, only with saying them over to you. They are such very strange, startling words. What do you think they mean?"

"Who is the woman who spoke them? that is the most important question," said Mr. Frankland.

"But why did she say the words to *me*? That is what I want to know—that is what I must know, if I am ever to feel easy in my mind again!"

"Gently, Mrs. Frankland, gently!" said Mr. Orridge. "For your child's sake, as well as for your own, pray try to be calm, and to look at this very mysterious event as composedly as you can. If any exertions of mine can throw light upon this strange woman and her still stranger conduct, I will not spare them. I am going to-day to her mistress's house, to see one of the children; and, depend upon it, I will manage in some way to make Mrs. Jazeph explain herself. Her mistress shall hear every word that you have told me; and, I can assure you, she is just the sort of downright, resolute woman who will insist on having the whole mystery instantly cleared up."

Rosamond's weary eyes brightened at the doctor's proposal. "O, go at once, Mr. Orridge!" she exclaimed, "Go at once!"

"I have a great deal of medical work to do in the town first," said the doctor, smiling at Mrs. Frankland's impatience.

"Begin it then, without losing another instant," said Rosamond. "The baby is quite well, I am quite well—we need not detain you a moment. And, Mr. Orridge, pray be as gentle and considerate as possible with the poor woman; and tell her that I never should have thought of sending her away, if I had not been too frightened to know what I was about. And say how sorry I am, this morning, and say——"

"My dear, if Mrs. Jazeph is really not in her right senses, what would be the use of overwhelming her with all these excuses?" interposed Mr. Frankland. "It will be more to the purpose if Mr. Orridge will kindly explain and apologize for us to her mistress."

"Go! Don't stop to talk—pray go at once!" cried Rosamond, as the doctor attempted to reply to Mr. Frankland.

"Don't be afraid; no time shall be lost," said Mr. Orridge, opening the door. "But remember, Mrs. Frankland, I shall expect you to reward your ambassador, when he returns from his mission, by showing him that you are a little more quiet and composed than I find you this morning." With that parting hint, the doctor took his leave.

"'When you go to Porthgenna, keep out of the Myrtle Room,'" repeated Mr. Frankland, thoughtfully. "Those are strange words, Rosamond. Who can this woman really be? She is a perfect stranger to both of us; we are brought into contact with her by the merest accident; and we find that she knows something about our own house, of which we were both perfectly ignorant until she chose to speak!"

"But the warning, Lenny—the warning, so pointedly and mysteriously addressed to me? O, if I could only go to sleep at once, and not wake again till the doctor comes back!"

"My love, try not to count too certainly on our being enlightened, even then. The woman may refuse to explain herself to anybody."

"Don't even hint at such a disappointment as that, Lenny—or I shall be wanting to get up and go and question her myself!"

"Even if you could get up and question her, Rosamond, you might find it impossible to make her answer. She may be afraid of certain consequences which we cannot foresee; and, in that case, I can only repeat, that it is more than probable she will explain nothing—or, perhaps, still more likely that she will coolly deny her own words altogether."

"Then, Lenny, we will put them to the proof for ourselves."

"And how can we do that?"

"By continuing our journey to Porthgenna, the moment I am allowed to travel, and by leaving no stone unturned, when we get there, until we have discovered whether there is, or is not, any room in the old house that ever was known, at any time of its existence, by the name of the Myrtle Room."

"And suppose it should turn out that there is such a room?" asked Mr. Frankland, beginning to feel the influence of his wife's enthusiasm.

"If it does turn out so," said Rosamond, her voice raising, and her face lighting up with its accustomed vivacity, "how can you doubt what will happen next? Am I not a woman? And have I not been forbidden to enter the Myrtle Room! Lenny! Lenny! Do you know so little of my half of humanity as to doubt what I should do, the moment the room was discovered? My darling, as a matter of course, I should walk into it immediately!"

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH. ANOTHER SURPRISE.

With all the haste he could make, it was one o'clock in the afternoon before Mr. Orridge's professional avocations allowed him to set forth in his gig for Mrs. Norbury's house. He drove there with such good-will that he accomplished the half-hour's journey in twenty minutes. The footman having heard the rapid approach of the gig, opened the hall door, the instant the horse was pulled up before it; and confronted the doctor with a smile of malicious satisfaction.

"Well," said Mr. Orridge, bustling into the hall, "you were all rather surprised, last night, when the housekeeper came back, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, we certainly were surprised when she came last night," answered the footman; "but we were still more surprised when she went away again this morning."

"Went away! You don't mean to say she is gone?"

"Yes, I do, sir—she has lost her place and gone for good." The footman smiled again, as he made that reply; and the housemaid, who happened to be on her way down stairs while he was speaking, and to hear what he said, smiled too. Mrs. Jazeph had evidently been no favourite in the servants' hall.

Amazement prevented Mr. Orridge from uttering another word. Hearing no more questions asked, the footman threw open the door of the breakfast-parlour; and the doctor followed him in the room. Mrs. Norbury was sitting near the window in a rigidly upright attitude, inflexibly watching the proceedings of her invalid child over a basin of beef-tea.

"I know what you are going to talk about before you open your lips," said the outspoken lady. "But just look to the child first, and say what you have to say on that subject, if you please, before you enter on any other."

The child was examined, was pronounced to be improving rapidly, and was carried away by the nurse to lie down and rest a little. As soon as the door of the room had closed, Mrs. Norbury abruptly addressed the doctor, interrupting him, for the second time, just as he was about to speak.

"Now, Mr. Orridge," she said, "I want to tell you something at the outset. I am a remarkably just woman, and I have no quarrel with you. You are the cause of my having been treated with the most audacious insolence by three people—but you are the innocent cause, and, therefore, I don't blame you."

"I am really at a loss," Mr. Orridge began, "quite at a loss, I assure you——"

"To know what I mean?" said Mrs. Norbury. "I will soon tell you. Were you not the original cause of my sending my housekeeper to nurse Mrs. Frankland?"

Yes: Mr. Orridge could not hesitate to acknowledge that.

"Well," pursued Mrs. Norbury, "and the consequence of my sending her is, as I said before, that I am treated with unparalleled insolence by no less than three people. Mrs. Frankland takes an insolent whim into her head, and affects to be frightened by my housekeeper. Mr. Frankland shows an insolent readiness to humour that whim, and hands me back my housekeeper as if she was a bad shilling; and last, and worst of all, my housekeeper herself insults me to my face, as soon as she comes back—insults me, Mr. Orridge, to that degree, that I give her twelve hours' notice to leave the place. Don't begin to defend yourself! I know all about it; I know you had nothing to do with sending her back; I never said you had. All the mischief you have done is innocent mischief. I don't blame you, remember that—whatever you do, Mr. Orridge, remember that!"

"I had no idea of defending myself," said the doctor, when he was at last allowed to speak, "for I feel as firmly convinced, on my side, as you can be on yours, Mrs. Norbury, that I am in no way to blame. I was merely about to say, that you surprise me beyond all power of expression, when you tell me that Mrs. Jazeph treated you with incivility."

"Incivility!" exclaimed Mrs. Norbury. "Don't talk about incivility—it's not the word. Impudence is the word; daring, brazen impudence. When Mrs. Jazeph came back in that fly from the Tiger's Head, she was either drunk or mad. Open your eyes as much as you please, Mr. Orridge; she was either the one or the other, a mixture of both. You have seen her, you have talked to her—should you say she was the kind of woman to look you fiercely in the face, and contradict you flatly the moment you spoke to her?"

"I should say she was the very last woman in the world to misbehave herself in that way," answered the doctor.

"Very well. Now hear what happened when she came back, last night," said Mrs. Norbury.

"She got here just as we were going up-stairs to bed. Of course, I was astonished; and, of course, I called her into the drawing-room for an explanation. There was nothing very unnatural in that course of proceeding, I suppose? Well, I noticed that her eyes were swollen and red, and that her eyes were remarkably wild and queer; but I said nothing, and waited for the explanation. All she had to tell me was, that something she had unintentionally said, or done, had frightened Mrs. Frankland, and that Mrs. Frankland's husband had sent her away on the spot. I disbelieved this at first—and very naturally, I think—but she persisted in the story, and answered all my questions by declaring that she could tell me nothing more. 'So then,' I said, 'I am to be believe that after I have inconvenienced myself by sparing you, and after you have inconvenienced yourself by undertaking the business of nurse, I am to be insulted, and you are to be insulted by your being sent away from Mrs. Frankland on the very day when you get to her, because she chooses to take a whim into her head?' 'I never accused Mrs. Frankland of taking a whim into her head,' says Mrs. Jazeph, and stares me straight in the face, with such a look as I never saw in her eyes before, after all my five years' experience of her. 'What do you mean?' I asked, giving her back her look, I can promise you. 'Are you base enough to take the treatment you have received in the light of a favour?' 'I am just enough,' said Mrs. Jazeph, as sharp as lightning, and still with that same stare straight at me, 'I am just enough not to blame Mrs. Frankland.' 'O, you are, are you?' I said. 'Then all I can tell you is, that I feel this insult, if you don't; and that I consider Mrs. Frankland's conduct to be the conduct of an ill-bred, impudent, capricious, unfeeling woman.' Mrs. Jazeph takes a step up to me—takes a step, I give you my word of honour—and says distinctly, in so many words, 'Mrs. Frankland is neither ill-bred, impudent, capricious, nor unfeeling.' 'Do you mean to contradict me, Mrs. Jazeph?' I asked. 'I mean to defend Mrs. Frankland from unjust imputations,' says she. Those were her words, Mr. Orridge—on my honour, as a gentlewoman, those were exactly her words."

The doctor's face expressed the blankest astonishment. Mrs. Norbury surveyed him with a look of calm triumph, and went on—"I was in a towering passion—I don't mind confessing that, Mr. Orridge—but I kept it down. 'Mrs. Jazeph,' I said, 'this is language that I am not accustomed to, and that I certainly never expected to hear from your lips. Why you should take it on yourself to defend Mrs. Frankland for treating us both with contempt, and to contradict me for resenting it, I neither know nor care to know. But I must tell you, in plain words, that I will be spoken to by every person in my employment, from my housekeeper to my scullery-maid, with respect. I would have given warning on the spot to any other servant in this house who had behaved to me as you have behaved'—She tried to interrupt me there, but I would not allow her. 'No,' I said, 'you are not to speak to me just yet; you are to hear me out. Any other servant, I tell you again, should have left this place to-morrow morning; but I will be more than just to *you*. I will give you the benefit of your five years' good conduct in my service. I will leave you the rest of the night to get cool, and to reflect on what has passed between us; I will not expect you to make the proper apologies to me until the morning.' You see, Mr. Orridge, I was determined to act justly and kindly—I was ready to make allowances; and what do you think she said in return? 'I am willing to make any apologies, ma'am, for offending you,' she said, 'without the delay of a single minute; but, whether it is to-night, or whether it is to-morrow morning, I cannot stand by silent when I hear Mrs. Frankland charged with acting unkindly, uncivilly, or improperly, towards me or towards any one.' 'Do you tell me that deliberately, Mrs. Jazeph?' I asked. 'I tell it you sincerely, ma'am,' she answered; 'and I am very sorry to be obliged to do so.' 'Pray don't trouble yourself to be sorry,' I said, 'for you may consider yourself no longer in my service. I will order the steward to pay you the usual month's wages instead of the month's warning, the first thing to-morrow; and I beg that you will leave the house as soon as you conveniently can, afterwards.' 'I will leave to-morrow, ma'am, says she, 'but without troubling the steward. I beg, respectfully, and with many thanks for your past kindness, to decline taking a month's money which I have not earned by a month's service.' And, thereupon, she curtseys and goes out. That